THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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Beginning a New Series by Frederic C. Penfield

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

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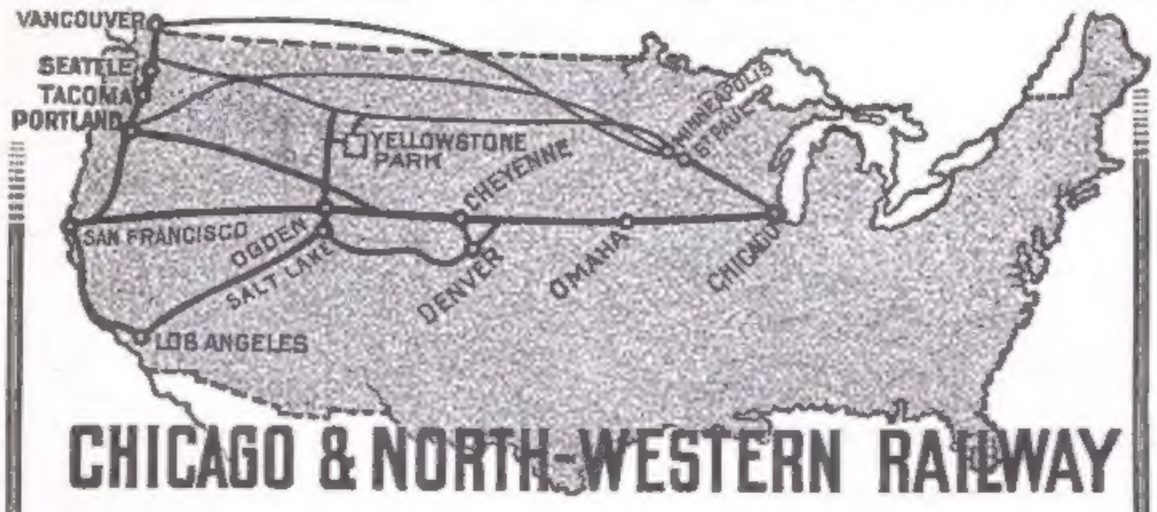

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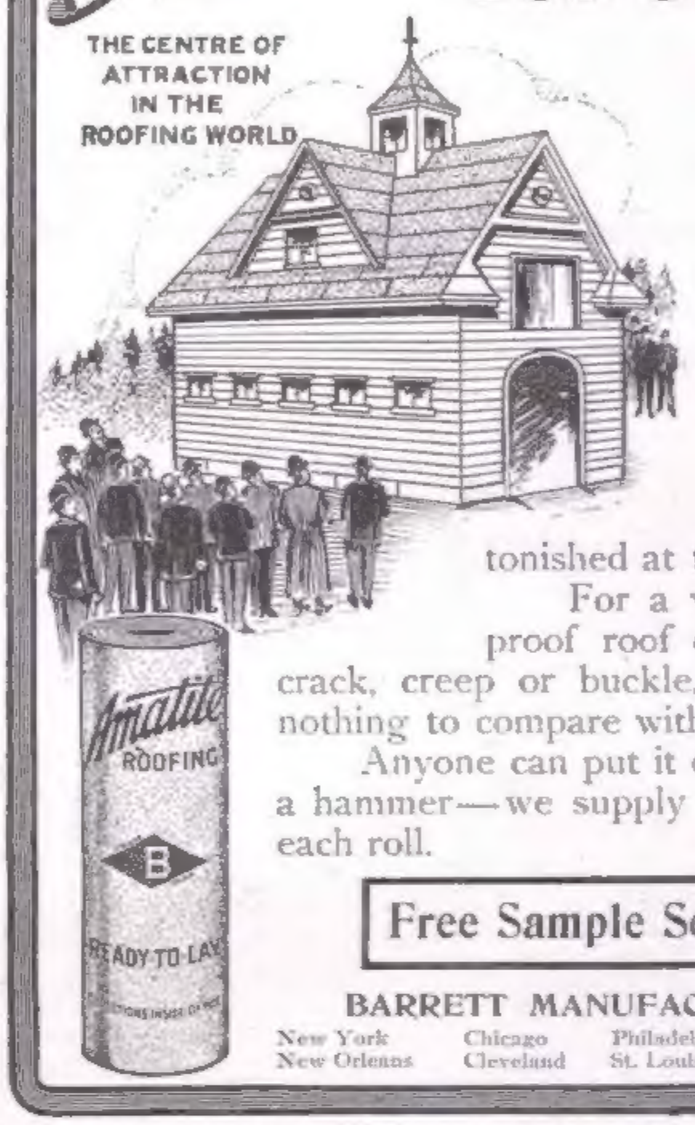

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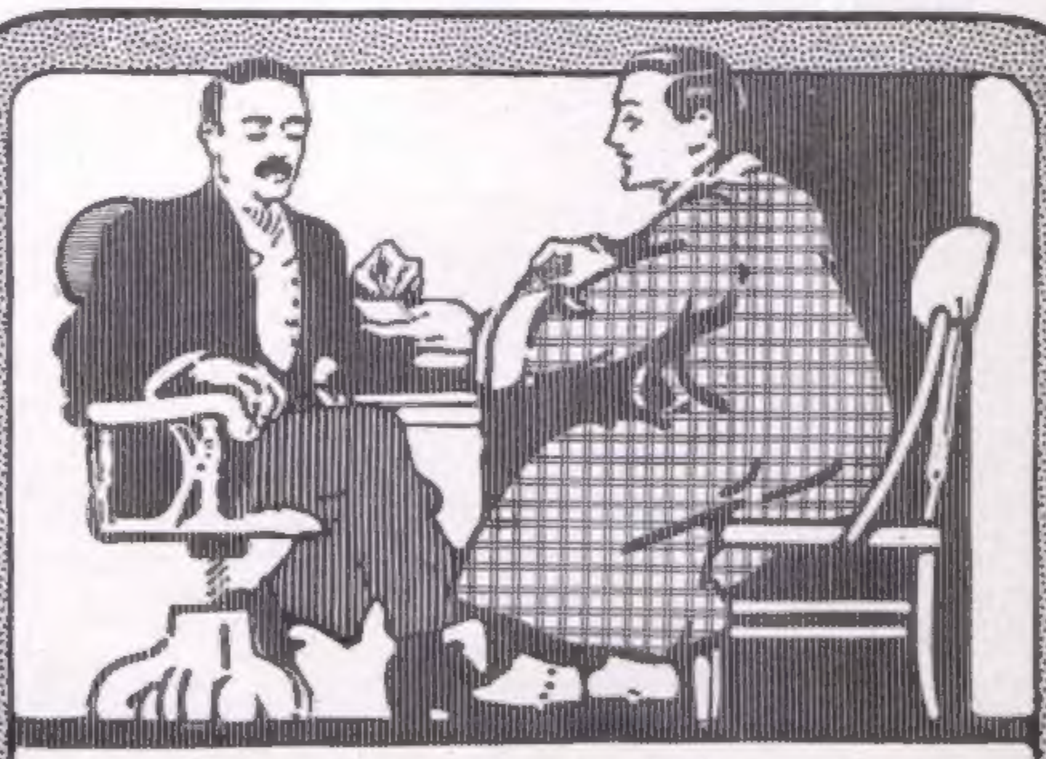

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Germany's Covetous Eye

By Frederic Courtland Penfield

The Kaiser's Systematic Play for Trade Supremacy in China

FRANCE had no choice but to espouse Russia's side in the conflict in Asia, for it was compelled by her alliance with the Czar's Government. But of Germany's interest in the conflict, the Germany of paramount military importance, bound by no alliance, and having no voice in the controversy leading to war, the Germany that should have been neutral in the strictest sense of the word—what of that country?

It is a fact incontrovertible that, from the commencement of hostilities between Russia and Japan, the German Emperor has been as pro-Russian as any wearer of the Czar's uniform. And bankers of Berlin, most of them, have been equally pro-Russian in their conduct and sympathy. And shipowners of Hamburg and Bremen, taking their cue from the capital, have devotedly supported the Russian side, many of them finding it easy to view situations of international procedure in a manner allowing them to reap golden benefits; for whenever Russia was forced to purchase ships to augment her armed fleet these were always found in Germany. When Russian squadrons were dispatched to the Far East they were coaled practically throughout that long journey from German colliers. And in other helpful ways Germany has officiated as the handmaiden of Russia.

The Kaiser's favoritism for Russia was infectious throughout his empire, as suggested, and six months ago his people were practically unanimous for the cause of their neighbors on the north. Had the contending armies and fleets in the Far East been equally matched, with the outcome hanging in the balance, the influence of William II could have swayed the continent of Europe in Russia's favor; and, things in Manchuria and on the sea being equal between Russia and Japan, an advantage would thereby have accrued to Russia difficult to overcome. Why? Because the Kaiser is the strongest, most influential and cleverest potentate in Europe. Splendid exemplar of the war-lord idea, he is really the peer of diplomatists, a ruler whose utterances are weighed and discussed as those of none other in Continental Europe. Understanding the value of words, and a coiner of subtle phrases, an epigram from the Kaiser contrasting the destiny and rights of the "white man" and the "yellow man" would probably have left the British Japan's only sympathizers in the Old World.

But the psychological moment never came—there was a hitch somewhere in Asia, and Kuropatkin's genius was expended in masterly retreats; all the triumphs on land and sea were those of the little men under the sun-flag. Finally came a mighty engagement, and William hastened to decorate the Russian loser and the Japanese victor. But the point was strained; the public perceived this. As a result, the incident fell flatter than the anti-climax of a melodrama played to empty seats.

The Kaiser's chagrin was great. But it need not have been, for the march of events in the East was proving him simply to be mortal—he had failed to pick the winner, and was gradually becoming aware of it. A plunger in a sporting event perceives an error of judgment in a few minutes, usually. With the War-Lord of Germany it required the lapse of months to bring the sad fact to his understanding that Japan would win in the great struggle.

Why War-Lord, as an appellation for the august William? Adept in the art of warfare he surely is; but have not the Fatherland's victories under his rule been those of peace only? Has Germany been involved in strife possessing the dignity of war since he came to the throne? Has she not, on the other hand, made headway in trade and sea transportation under his guidance that has no parallel in the history of a European state? And are not the words "Made in Germany" so painfully familiar throughout two-thirds of the globe, especially in Great Britain and her possessions, that they strike terror to Britons who study with apprehension the statistics of England's waning trade? All this is true, and Suez Canal returns prove that the users of the waterway under Britain's red flag are yearly less numerous, while the number of German ships is steadily growing.

Then why not Trade-Lord? This is what the German Emperor is. It is the better of the appellations, and more truthfully descriptive. It surely is creditable to the German people that their national progress is due to habits of industry and thrift, rather than to military display: the artisan, not the drill-master, is making Germany great.

And could Trade-Lord William be honestly called "astute" if he overlooked the fact, obvious as a mountain, that one of the stakes in the Russo-Japanese conflict would be the privilege, amounting almost to right, to exploit commercially the most populous country on God's footstool—China? More than one-fourth of the people of the earth are Chinese, and their country in this year 1905 is more primitive, in the absence of railways, telegraphs and other public utilities, and every provision conducing to comfort and commonsense in living, than any other land pretending to civilization. It is a fact that outside of Shanghai, Canton, Peking and Tientsin, the people do not want many of the products of the outer world; but it also is a truism that much profit accrues from teaching Asiatics to "want" modern products.

The German Emperor foresaw that China could not much longer resist the invasion of outside enterprise and trade; and to his mind there could have been no suspicion of doubt that the victor in the awful contest could and would dictate trade terms and privileges everywhere in the Celestial Empire. If Japan won, the Japanese would surely exploit commercially their great neighbor, whose written language is nearly identical with their own—this would be but natural to the Mikado's people, teeming with aptitude as manufacturers and traders, and recognizing the necessity for recouping outlay in the war.

If Russia were successful, her reward would be the validating of her hold upon Manchuria, the bundling of the Japs out of Korea, and the attainment to a position of controlling influence in China's political affairs. The supplying of articles of general manufacture and commerce to the 400,000,000 people of China could have been no part of Russia's program, for the simple reason that Russia is not a manufacturing country and has but little to sell. Even her enormous tea bill is paid yearly in money to China. A nation aspiring in time to control the whole of Asia couldn't bother with commercial matters—certainly not. Yet one of the fruits of victory in the war would have been the splendid opportunity to exploit trade everywhere in China—a privilege of priceless value.

What country was to benefit through this, with Russia's moral support and permission?

France? Hardly; for the French were bound by hard-and-fast alliance, and it had never been the policy at St. Petersburg to give anything material to France. Uncle Sam, whose people had financed half the war loans of Japan, could scarcely hope to extend his business in China with Russia's coöperation; nor could Japan's ally and moral supporter, John Bull.

Who, then, could stand in a likelier position to become legatee of this valued privilege than the Trade-Lord of Germany? The Emperor William had been Russia's "best friend" from the inception of the war, and was admittedly an adept in promoting trade, for his people had attained in a few years to an envied position in the commerce of the world. A quarter of the trade of "awakened" China would make Germany a vast workshop, a hive of industry.

And this was precisely what the astute Hohenzollern saw through the smoke of battle in far-away Manchuria. He saw a prosperous Germany if the Slav crushed the yellow man. To say he did not would be a libel upon a giant intellect.

Any one disposed to review practically certain incidents in the recent history of Germany may develop a dozen reasons why the Emperor should seek to make his country all important through trade conquest. Let it be remembered that the Kaiser chafes at barriers of every kind, and that there is a restlessness in his nature at times trying to his patience to restrain. He looks at the map of the German Empire and painfully admits that the present frontiers are practically those bequeathed by the Great William. To a divine-right monarch this is exasperating. The loftiest ambition of an ordinary sovereign, governing perfunctorily, even, is to have the national area expand under his rule.

William's mediæval temperament shudders at the crowded condition of the earth in this twentieth century, when all frontiers appear immovable. Had he lived in the days of the Crusaders his valiant sword would probably have brought all Palestine under German control; and had he been a free agent when Bonapartism collapsed he most likely would have carried the German standard to the Mediterranean, perhaps to Stamboul. The ironical fact is that the German Emperor has had rebuffs and disappointments in his efforts to expand his realm. The Monroe Doctrine, excluding his empire from even a coaling station in this hemisphere, is to the Kaiser a perpetual nightmare. Sturdy sons of the Fatherland control the trade of more than one state in South and Central America, but nowhere is it possible to unfurl the standard of Germany over "colony" or "sphere of influence." Even to forcibly back up her subjects' rights the approval of the Government at Washington has first to be obtained. In his heart, the Kaiser loathes the Doctrine of Monroe—that is certain.

It is twenty years since Germany began to build up a colonial empire in Africa, and the net result is that, after spending some hundred million dollars, she has acquired over a hundred million square miles of territory, with a sparsely scattered German population of between five and six thousand souls—men, women and children. A third of the adult male population is represented by officials and soldiers. Militarism is rampant everywhere, with the result that the white settler shuns German colonies as he would the plague. The keen-witted Kaiser long ago saw that empire-building in the Dark Continent could produce nothing but expense during his lifetime.

"To perdition with the Monroe Doctrine, and with African tribes blind to the excellence of German-made wares," the Kaiser might have said ten years ago. "I'll have sweet revenge upon all and sundry by capturing trade everywhere. I'll make Germany the workshop of the universe. Keep your territory, if you like; I'll get the trade!"

The Kaiser Looks Eastward

THE resolute Trade-Lord then turned his face to the East, the bountiful Orient, pregnant with resource beyond the dreams of avarice, teeming with hundreds of millions of people. The East had made England dominant in the world's affairs.

Keeping his soldiers at home the Kaiser hurled a legion of trade-getters into the Far East, planting commercial outposts in Ceylon, sending a flying column of bagmen and negotiators to India and the Straits Settlements, and distributing a numerical division of business agents throughout China. The Empire of the Celestials was made the focal point of a great propaganda, openly espoused by the Emperor.

It was readily demonstrated that Great Britain had no permanent control of commerce in the East, not even in her own possessions. The Teuton, for a time content with trifling profit, underbid all rivals—and orders and contracts poured into Germany. Belgian products competed only in price; and American manufacturers seemed too busy in providing goods for home use to try seriously for business in Asia—they booked orders coming practically unsought, that was about all.

The Chino-Japanese conflict of ten years ago, although disastrous to China's army, stimulated the absorbing power of the Chinese for goods of Western manufacture, and Germany sold her wares right and left.

Important steamship lines were now subsidized by the German Government to maintain regular services between Germany and the Far East, carrying goods and passengers at reasonable charges; and it was known that in his personal capacity the Emperor had become a large shareholder in one of them. Germany was prospering, and the Trade-Lord and his lieutenants were happy. All recognized the possibilities of Oriental business. China was preparing to throw off the conservatism and lethargy of centuries, and trade was the keynote of everything pertaining to Germany's relations with the Peking Government. German diplomatists on service in China were instructed to employ every good office to induce German business, and the Kaiser himself selected and instructed consular officials going to the Flowery Kingdom. Able commercial attachés, with capacity for describing trade conditions, were maintained there, and expected to be as industrious as beavers. For trade-promoting capacity German consuls in China have no equal—and they all know that the Kaiser's interest in Chinese trade amounts to mania.

The assassination in the streets of Peking, in 1900, of Minister von Kettler, Germany's envoy, and the subsequent sending of an imperial prince of China to Berlin to express the regrets of the Chinese Government, strengthened materially the Kaiser's hold upon Chinese affairs. Reiteration from Washington of the "open door" in China struck no terror in the Kaiser's heart, justified in believing he could hold his position against all comers. As proof of this belief, he might point to German steamers in Hongkong and Shanghai literally vomiting forth each week thousands of tons of goods "Made in Germany," penetrating every section of China even to the upper waters of the Yang-tse. A few years ago nearly all this trade was exclusively British.

The question of Chinese exclusion and the threatened boycott of American goods by China has recently been the occasion of anxiety in this country—but none in Germany. It is well appreciated that the spread of the sentiment in the East that the United States is unjust to Chinamen of the better class might undo the splendid work of Secretary Hay in cultivating the friendship of the Celestial Empire by standing fast for China's administrative entity and insisting on the "open door" policy.

When China Wakes

KNOWING that the "awakening" of China would be one of the results of the war, the Master Mind in Berlin had not long to consider where the interest of Germany lay, for he well knew that if they conquered, the Japs would in a few years supply the kindred Chinese with practically every article needed from abroad.

If Russia won, then "Best Friend" William of Germany, one of the most irresistible forces in the world, would have a freer hand in China than ever—and this would mean a prosperous Germany for years to come.

By directing the sympathies of the German people to the Russian side the Kaiser played a trump card in statecraft, certainly. As a soldier, William II must have known the fighting ability and prowess of the little men of Japan, for German officers had for years been the instructors of the Mikado's army—but the public attitude of the head of a government must ever be that which best serves the State. Whatever the chagrin at Berlin over Russia's defeat, a battle royal will be needed for Japan to overcome Germany's lead in Chinese trade; but in time Japan will have this, provided she is well advised and has the fortune to be backed by Uncle Sam.

What of the German colony in China—Kiau-chau, on the east coast of the Shantung peninsula, whose forts frown upon the Yellow Sea? Is there anything like it, strategically and tradewise, in the East? No. When the Kaiser's glance falls upon the map of Kiau-chau, and he recalls the ease with which he segregated from Peking's rule a goodly piece of old China, he may be irreverently moved to the extent of again snapping his fingers at the Monroe Doctrine, and at millions of simple Africans who refuse to eat German foods and wear not a stitch of German fabrics. Kiau-chau represents the cleverest feat of empire-building the world has seen since the Great Powers declared a closure to land-grabbing in the East.

When some German missionaries were murdered a few years since in China, the Kaiser, ever an opportunist, was justly angry, and Peking shuddered at the possibility of national castigation. Could the Mighty One at Berlin condone the offense if China gave Germany a harbor to be used as coaling station and naval headquarters? Possibly; but how can China bestow territory in view of the American Government's certainty to insist that there be no parceling of China—none whatever?

"Easily managed," was the reply. "It need not be a transfer of territory, but a 'lease,' say for ninety-nine years. This would save China's 'face,' and not disturb the Powers."

Hence a "lease" was prepared for all the territory bounded in a semicircle drawn fifteen miles from Kiau-chau Bay—a goodly piece, in all conscience. Then came *pourparlers* for greater German authority, and for more territory. As a consequence, in a second document signed at Peking, it was additionally agreed that "in a further zone thirty miles from all points of the leased territory the Chinese Government shall no longer, for a space of ninety-nine years, be entitled to take any step without previous authorization from the German Government."

This amounted in substance to saying farewell on China's part to a slice of domain in all more than twice the size of the State of Rhode Island. The "sphere of influence," so called, measures 2750 square miles. Germany was given, as well, the equivalent of sovereignty over the harbor of Kiau-chau, no end of mining and railway rights, and other privileges. The lease dates from March 6, 1898.

Kiau-chau harbor is one of the most spacious and best protected on the coast of China. The small native town of Tsing-tau, admirably situated on the harbor, was adopted by Germany as the seat of government, and all the appurtenances of a military and naval station have been erected. A look of permanency characterizes every structure. The house of the naval governor is even pretentious. The capital is laid out with generous regard to broad streets, designated on name-plates as "strasses." A bank and a hotel await the coming of business. The harbor has been dredged, and two miles of the best wharves in Asia constructed of masonry. Warehouses, barracks, hospitals, administrative buildings and coal-sheds are there, all in German style, and intended to last hundreds of years.

A Firm Foothold

TSING-TAU as a seat of deputed government may not have found its way into schoolbooks, but the inquisitive traveler in North China readily learns of its existence. Perhaps it is meant to be complimentary to China to retain the name Tsing-tau—but that is all about the place that is Chinese, save the coolies executing the white man's behest. There are 2500 Europeans, almost exclusively Germans, in William's capital on Kiau-chau Bay. Soldiers and officials predominate, of course, but merchant and industrial expert are in the pioneer band in conspicuous numbers.

And what of the "hinterland," compassed by the forty-five-mile semicircle, dotted with thirty-odd native towns, the whole having a population of 1,200,000? This patch of China is surely in process of being awakened; there are numerous schools wherein European missionaries are teaching the German language, and enterprise greets the eye everywhere. Locomotives "Made in Germany" screech warnings to Chinese yokels to clear the way for trains heavy with merchandise of German origin—and this is but an incident in the great scheme of Germanizing the Chinese Empire. Incidentally, it is provided by the agreement between the Peking and Berlin Governments that a native landowner in the leased section can sell only to the German authorities. This ruling conveys a meaning perfectly clear.

Less than a hundred miles up-country are the enormous coal-fields of Weihsien and Poshan, by agreement worked with German capital, and connected with the harbor by railways built with German money, and so devoted to Teutonic interests that the name of the company is spread on the cars in the language of the dear old Fatherland. The whole is a magnificent piece of propagandism, surely.

And what is back of it? What is the purpose of the appropriation of 14,000,000 marks for Kiau-chau in this year's official budget of the German Government? Trade, little else; and Trade spelled best with a large T.

It was an interesting occasion, on a clear, bright day in April last, when his Royal Highness Prince Friedrich Leopold of Prussia and his brilliant military suite were landed on the quay at Tsing-tau. The great steamer that had brought them from Europe, dodging derelict Russian mines all the way from Shanghai, was the first Imperial mail-ship to enter Kiau-chau harbor. Tsing-tau was in gala mood and dress, naturally, and the princely brother-in-law of the Kaiser debarked amid cheers from German throats and the bellowing of brass instruments on shore, and the booming of guns on warships assembled in the harbor.

No function could have been more German anywhere. At home there would have been a different background to the picture. In Hamburg there would have been no interned Russian battleship under repairs, like the Czarevitch, at a neighboring jetty; no flotilla of torpedo-boat destroyers that had escaped from Port Arthur, glad to find safety in a friendly harbor, and supposed to be "out of commission"; certainly no trainload of American petroleum in cases, destined for up-country use in China. It is a truism that the Light of Asia is American petroleum. And the four-masted Yankee schooner discharging Oregon pine at a nearby pier—that couldn't be seen in a German port. Otherwise, picture, setting and frame were intensely German.

And the twenty or thirty packing-cases with the Imperial cipher on their lids? What do they contain? Presents from the German Emperor to the Emperor and Dowager Empress of China, that's all—and wholly "Made in Germany."

It was a subtle move in the coquetry going on between the courts of Berlin and Peking to land a carload of gifts at Germany's seaport in China and have them convoyed to the Chinese capital by a princely messenger almost a member of the Kaiser's household.

And its significance? Trade, again with a large T. Looked at superficially, it might be thought a diplomatic cementing of the ties of amity between the nations. But Germany has a program to be carried out in the Celestial Empire, be it remembered, somewhat difficult of execution now that Japan has arrested the Russian advance.

Seeking Investment: One Kind of Success

By George Carling

"The Most Overbearing, Arrogant Old Chap That Ever Scrutinized a Payroll"

Pasteurized Finance

I FOUND on my desk one morning a letter which greatly surprised me. It was from Mr. George Holland, president of the Holland Car Works, at Cleveland, inviting me to a three days' house-party at his country home at Beulah Falls.

I had never been much addicted to social gatherings of this nature, and, as I had but a slight business acquaintance with Mr. Holland, I could not understand how I came to be the recipient of this invitation. The next mail, however, brought me a letter from Charles Ormsby, with whom I was well acquainted. He urged me, in the strongest terms, to allow nothing to interfere with my acceptance of the invitation, as it would bring me into contact with eight or ten of the greatest financiers of the Middle West, and would also "put me wise" to some matters of the highest importance. Upon this, of course, I decided to go.

I arrived at Beulah Falls late in the afternoon of the day appointed. It was a small country station, and, in response to an inquiry by Mr. Holland's chauffeur for Mr. Dubble and Mr. Knight, an old gentleman climbed into the tonneau followed by myself. He was the sternest and —well, I think the most unpleasant looking man I had ever seen. His lips were thin and tightly compressed, his eyebrows were overhanging and exceedingly shaggy and bristling, and he glared through them so fiercely at me that I felt compelled to speak.

"You are going to Mr. Holland's, I presume," said I.

"I should hardly be riding in his auto if I were not!" he gruffly replied. Then his jaws clicked together—and those were the only words spoken during our four-mile ride.

Mr. Holland met us as we alighted, and was very cordial to both. He introduced me to the old gentleman, Mr. Luke Knight, of Cleveland.

"Dubble, eh!" Mr. Knight remarked, as he glared at me again, and his fearful eyebrows twitched up and down. "The man who got the best of the Standard Wool crowd, eh!" Then a choking rattle sounded in his throat, much to my alarm, until I surmised that he was laughing—but there was no mirth in his eyes.

There were but seven of us at dinner that evening—the other guests being expected on the following day. Ormsby was there, and with him and the jolly affability of our host I felt at my ease directly, in spite of Luke Knight, who glared at me whenever I looked toward him. He made no effort to join in the conversation, but seemed to be listening to every one at once, and that choking rattle came from his throat whenever any remark pleased him.

The night was warm—very warm—and immediately after the dinner we went out on one of the fine verandas. Presently Ormsby drew me off to one corner, where we settled ourselves comfortably.

"Rather a mixed company, Dubble," he said, as he lit a cigar. "I guess you're wondering what it's all about!"

"Well, it don't look exactly like a gathering for pleasure only," I replied. "There seems to be too much heaviness and importance about it all."

He laughed. "You'll get it, too," he said, "when you've heard a little more. The other men here are in the secret, so I'll enlighten you now.

"Of course, it's not necessary to tell a financier like yourself that panics—financial panics—seem to be as inevitable in business as death and taxes. Up to a few years ago they had a deucedly unpleasant way of dropping in at very inopportune times and often without announcement. They were generally as unceremonious with the millionaire as with the hod-carrier, and they often prolonged their visits until they had become thoroughly obnoxious to both parties.

"Some bright chap, however—I haven't the slightest idea who it was—held to the idea that there is good in all things, even panics, if they could be controlled; and his genius showed up in the method he devised for extracting the good for the benefit of himself and his friends. He looked upon a panic as a disease, and a terribly contagious one at that, and his idea was to apply the wonderful germ theory and head off this disease—by inoculation—for one of a milder form.

"As I said before, I have no idea where or when this brilliant idea originated, but I do know that the first time it was put into practice it was a howling success."

"And when was that?" I inquired eagerly.

"About eight years ago. That was when the first of these house-parties was held, and I was so fortunate as to be present. Our host presented the inoculation idea to us, stating that there were over a dozen similar parties being held that week in various great industrial centres. He added that, if the general opinion of all those parties was that a nice little panic was desirable, the microbes would be introduced—the panic would develop without delay, and in a mild and very beneficial form. After he had explained the advantages we had a day or two to talk it over, and our party decided for microbes. The others were of the same opinion, so in a few weeks the panic had nicely developed—a good, healthy little panic, well under control at all times. You remember the slump eight years ago?"

I nodded. It seemed to me a most extraordinary business. Presently I asked him the question he was evidently expecting:

"Those advantages! I really don't see just what they would be?"

Mr. Ormsby laughed good-naturedly. "You haven't thought long enough, Dubble, or they'd all come to you. In the first place, at that time labor had been having a long stretch of prosperity and the unions were getting unpleasantly saucy and aggressive. A little setback and a very big scare were necessary to bring the men to a healthy understanding of their station. Well, they got both in liberal doses; there was no more strike talk for two years, and wages were scaled down from ten to twenty per cent.

"Now that, of course, was advantage enough—plenty—but there were incidentals, by-products. Profits had been good and the investing public, both large and small, had absorbed a very great quantity of securities; and—er—well, this was a good opportunity to feed them a little more—and then make them disgorge the whole! You see, large owners and managers of railroad and industrial stocks found themselves with great accumulations of profits, seeking investment; and this handy little panic came in admirably to depress prices, thus giving an opportunity for this idle capital to pick up bargains. See?"

"It was a beautiful scheme!" I said fervently.

"Lovely, Dubble, lovely! Pasteurized finance—pleasant to take—very beneficial in its effects and absolutely harmless—to the physicians!"

"Yes! The physicians. Who are they?"

"Ourselves!" he answered. "We who attend these pleasant little house-parties are the M. D.'s."

The whole matter was so astounding that I sat pondering over it for some moments, while Ormsby smoked, giving me plenty of time. Finally I asked:

"What do you call this organization?"

He laughed. "There is no organization—consequently no name."

"No organization!" I repeated, "Who calls these meetings and collects the results?"

"Parties, Dubble, not meetings," he said reprovingly. "They are just little social gatherings, where the guests naturally drift into conversation about business conditions and express their views. Mr. Holland invited us, you know."

It was incomprehensible to me, but Ormsby went on:

"I'll enlighten you as far as I can. At irregular periods certain men receive invitations to attend little social gatherings like this—sometimes at country houses, sometimes on short yachting trips—anywhere, where absolute

"Pasteurized Finance—Pleasant to Take, Very Beneficial in Its Effects and Absolutely Harmless"

privacy is assured. The guests are always large employers of labor; presidents of great railroad lines; heads of big manufacturing plants and mining industries, and capitalists, whose investments are in such business. Only men who are directly interested in production and distribution are ever invited. During this week about fifteen of these parties are being held at various points of the country. Probably about a dozen visitors is the average size of each party, so that the total number is not over two hundred. The hosts in each case make a memorandum of the opinion of their guests; then, in the course of two or three weeks, each of us will receive a pleasant little note notifying us, in a very innocent but unmistakable manner, what to expect—fair weather or foul—as the preponderance of desire at all the parties may determine."

"And who brings about the panic, Ormsby?"

"Each of us does. Each man does his share. If you receive word, inside of a month, to look out for trouble, you'll not only look out for it, but you'll do all you can to precipitate it—or I'm very greatly mistaken in you. You'll unload all the stocks you can; and that alone, when two hundred other big men with probably two or three times that number of their confidants in every line of industry are doing the same, will knock things.

"After that you'll talk blue. Having all the cash proceeds from your stock sales, you will, naturally, wish to invest again. So you'll talk blue in every way you can think of to depress prices, and look out for bargains. Then there's the labor question. You employ a good many men in the various lines you're interested in?"

"Nearly two thousand," I replied.

"I thought so. Now, of course, you seize the opportunity to get them rattled. When they see in the papers reports from all lines of business of reduction of expenses, and published interviews with captains of industry, all blue, they'll take on the same color themselves mighty quick. They'll also take a cut with thankful hearts—glad that it is not a lay-off. They'll come to a quick and fervid realization of the fact that capital, as well as labor, has some rights to a division of profit."

"But," I inquired, "what if these men don't act together? Surely some of them would have other views—would object to any interference with business."

"I suppose you mean the 'Two Hundred' in place of any other name?"

"Certainly."

"Dubble, look at that old man sitting there," Ormsby replied, nodding his head toward Knight. "He is the controlling head of a half-dozen merged iron industries, employing a total of over twenty thousand men. He is the most overbearing, arrogant old chap that ever scrutinized a payroll—and he'd lose a hundred thousand dollars any time sooner than give up his own way. Now listen! Three years ago, at one of these parties, it was decided to apply the brakes to a labor market that had grown to be almost as arrogant as himself. Knight didn't want any action taken at that time. He had some unfinished deal on hand, perhaps. Anyhow, he actually stayed and argued with the party for three full days—a most extraordinary thing for him, who grudges an hour for the most important directors' meeting.

"But the general opinion was against him—and what could he do? No appeal or protest was possible—there being absolutely no one to appeal to. He was as helpless as that Dutch gardener out there to influence the matter. I'd have given a hundred dollars to have heard him for a about ten minutes talking to himself over it. 'Twould have been a liberal education, Dubble. But he simply had to fall into line—or rather, he fairly jumped into it! Enterprise Iron Stock dropped from 168 to 132 in four months—and he must have made a fortune, whatever he may have lost over unfinished business. The best of it was, their sales that year didn't drop off one dollar. Their plants are in several localities, and they simply juggled the men, knocked off hands at one point long enough to get it into the papers that they'd shut down—then started up again—without any brass bands to announce that fact, you bet!"

"And do you mean to tell me, Ormsby, that such gigantic schemes, so tremendously influential, so far-reaching in their effects, are carried through without any organization, without any executive head?"

"No, I can hardly go as far as that; I can only assert that I know nothing of any organization, nor do I believe that any of the other guests know of one. There is, however, one man who seems to have some sort of influence—some executive power. Did you ever hear of Philip Norton, a banker of Boston?"

"Never," I replied.

"I thought not. He is an old man, and almost unknown out of his own circle, as he runs but a small, private bank. Nevertheless, if you should write to him, some time in the future, suggesting that the wheels of trade are running a little too fast—that your workmen are getting saucy and aggressive—your letter would be acknowledged in a perfectly non-committal way; then, perhaps, in a few weeks you'd receive another invitation to meet a few captains of industry for a dinner or two and a smoke-talk.

"On the other hand, if you called on our friend Norton to gain any information on these smoke-talks, or to make any suggestions, he'd tell you, in effect, that you were very much deranged—that he had absolutely no knowledge of any social gatherings in your part of the country or anywhere else—excepting his own little church festivities."

"Then there must be some one back of Norton!" I exclaimed.

"I should think it highly probable," said Ormsby coolly. "But I have never yet met any man who knew more about the business than I have told you, and I have long ceased troubling myself on the subject. It's a wealth-producer, all right, and that's what interests me."

"About the membership, Ormsby. How do the men secure these invitations?"

"They can do nothing about them. The invitations come spontaneously. The making up of the list is another mystery. The biggest man in the country cannot get 'next' to us unless he's wanted—nor can his friends bring him forward. You can write to Norton if you desire, and suggest names. *Perhaps* your suggestion will be acted upon. I sent your name to him, but I've no doubt that the prestige you have gained by your adroit work against the Standard Wool people secured the invitation for you."

"Do you suppose they are represented?"

"Undoubtedly! There's no direct representative at this gathering, but Reynolds, who will be here to-morrow, is the president of one of their railroads. He can therefore be looked upon as a representative, and, in all probability, some of their men are present at every party held this week."

A chill crept over me at this, and Ormsby said: "You look grave, Dubble. What's the trouble?"

I paused a few moments, and then said: "Supposing they are back of Norton in this! What assurance have any of us that they are keeping faith with us all?"

"I don't know that I understand just what you mean, Dubble."

"Suppose that, for some purpose, they should notify this party, or any one of us, that all is to go on as before, while all the other parties are notified that a—er—small panic is due. Don't you see what a terrible disadvantage that would place us under?"

"I see what you're looking out for, Dubble! Trouble, on account of your late very successful little experience with them. You think that they might take such an opportunity as this to even up matters with you. But look! If you were misled, that way, how could you suffer? You are the owner of a very large quantity of stock of various kinds. If the prices fall off without your receiving warning in time you'd still have your stocks, and the properties are still there. You're not one of the dear, confiding public—believing, because I and a few others say so, that your property is worth twenty or thirty per cent. less to-morrow than it is to-day. You're under no obligation to sell. You'd simply lose the chance the others have—to sell at the top notch and buy in again at the lowest.

"But the Standard Wool Company, if it is the leading spirit of this scheme, would never do so foolish a thing. If the plan once miscarries—if the men who attend these parties learn that any of them have been deceived—the whole thing is at an end. No reliance would be placed on it again, and no action taken."

Knight left the next morning. He shook hands with me before getting into the car, and his keen little eyes glared fiercely from under his heavy eyebrows as he chuckled in his dry, hard way: "The man who beat the Standard Wool Company, eh! Better go into iron, Dubble. Come and see me some time."

"What?" I Gasped; but There was No Need of Repetition

I don't think that the full bearing of this matter, or scheme—I know not what to call it—came fully over me until I was on my train, bound for home. Then I had time to ponder over it. The mystery of its organization, for organization there certainly must be, and the gigantic scope of its influence and operation—it was stupendous, overpowering! A few handfuls of men at little social gatherings, determining a change in business conditions which would transfer millions of dollars of invested savings and earnings to themselves. The whole industrial system of this great country under tribute to the "Two Hundred"!

I was so engrossed with these stupendous thoughts that when the conductor asked for my ticket I handed him one without looking at it. He was a Toonsville man and he, of course, knew me, and he glanced at the pasteboard and grinned. I had handed him, by mistake, a ticket I had purchased a week before for a lecture at the West Side Church.

"Much obliged, Mr. Dubble. I can't attend this myself, because I am on the late run. But Jack'll be glad to take it in." And he actually slipped it into his vest pocket, holding out his other hand for my railroad ticket! I don't know when I lost a half-dollar so carelessly before.

Rainsford came in early the morning after my arrival home. "Richard," he said, "if you're going into that affair of Lorsford's you'd better nail it at once."

"How's that?" I inquired sharply.

"He told me yesterday," replied Rainsford, "that he should go to Cleveland in a day or two if you didn't decide. He's got wind of some parties there, I believe, who feel interested in the matter. Of course, you don't need any advice from me, but I'll say this, that if you go into it I'll take up a slice of the stock very readily."

So I found that, the instant I got back to my office, I had to do some pretty deep thinking again. Lorsford was the owner of a fairly large factory for making agricultural tools. The business had been left him by his father, who had died a few years before, and the son, who was almost too energetic and enterprising, had driven the business hard, overrunning his capital. He was now trying to turn it into a stock company. The assets inventoried fairly—about $600,000—and, just before going to Beulah Falls, I had made up my mind to go into it on that basis. But now, of course, I felt differently. I was very certain, from the opinions expressed at the Holland party, that a slump would occur very soon, and one of my first thoughts, after that party, had been that, if I could keep Lorsford hanging off for two or three months, values would be down and I could make much better terms.

But now it appeared that he would brook no further delay, and, as I had a special desire to get control of his factory, in order to carry out a cherished plan, I found myself in the cruel dilemma of being compelled to come to his terms—unless I could happily hit upon some plan to "make good."

I suppose I was unusually preoccupied at luncheon that day, for my wife said:

"What is it, Richard? What weighty matter is troubling you now?"

I always had a great knack of arguing to myself, and, during the two years we had been married, I had got into a similar habit of arguing with my wife—without, of course, expecting any answers or suggestions from her. Elfrida was a good listener, and never bothered me with frivolous remarks or interferences.

"Here's this affair of Lorsford's," I replied. "If I buy now I've got to pay $600,000; if I could stave him off for six months I could easily get in for $500,000 or less."

"Isn't it 'worth the $600,000, Richard? I thought the other day you said that it was."

I was somewhat surprised, as I didn't suppose she had paid any such attention to figures as that.

"Well," I replied, "I suppose it is now, but it may not be after a ——" And I stopped short. It would never do to have my wife repeating any surmise of hard times ahead. I wanted to unload some stocks before that idea got abroad.

She looked at me curiously and said: "If you are needing money, Richard, there is $50,000 of mine which will be available next week. Curtis notified me while you were away that he would be ready to take up his mortgage."

This was a good suggestion. It would, undoubtedly, be a good investment for the $50,000—and it would, of course, be under my control.

That night I perfected my plan; and when Lorsford called on me next day I made my proposition.

"The property inventories $600,000, the incumbrances amount to $500,000, and that leaves your equity $100,000, which you propose to take in stock in the new company. Is that it?"

"That's it, Mr. Dubble."

"Well, then, this is what I'll do: I will form this company and capitalize it at $600,000. I'll guarantee to sell $500,000 stock at par—mind, not a dollar less—the other $100,000 is to be held in the treasury for one year. You will continue as manager, and if, at the end of the year, you show a dividend of six per cent., the $100,000 in stock will be delivered to you. Your books show a profit of eight per cent. for the past three years, so this seems like a very safe proposition for you."

He was evidently startled by this plan, and looked pretty blank. "I don't see," said he, "why that stock should not be delivered to me at once. Do you suppose, Mr. Dubble, that I shall relax my effort to continue these excellent profits?"

"Not at all! I have no such idea. But it's this way: If I go into this thing I want it to be an absolutely solid and conservative company. I don't want one drop of water in the stock. I don't want any juggling with preferred stock and common stock, and all that—and I believe you do not."

"I certainly do not, Mr. Dubble," he said emphatically. "This was my father's business, and I have hoped that I could hand it down to my son; but I would rather sell out and get out than be mixed up in anything of that sort!"

"Well, then," I continued, "as I have just said, I will guarantee to sell $500,000 of stock strictly at par. But in order to do this—in the absence of any customary inducements—I must show an unusually safe investment; and the plan I have proposed will be a guarantee to my friends which could hardly be surpassed."

He said he would sleep over the matter and see me the next day. The upshot of it all was that he agreed to my proposition, and the company was formed without delay. Rainsford took a thousand shares, my wife five hundred, and I took up the balance myself, as I was determined to have absolute control of this matter.

On the day that our articles of incorporation were filed I received a letter from Mr. Holland which read as follows:

> *My dear Mr. Dubble:* After proper consideration, I have concluded that, in view of the decidedly gloomy outlook for business in the immediate future, I should hardly feel inclined to invest in the manner spoken of when you were here.
>
> Wishing you every success in your undertaking,
>
> I am very truly yours,
>
> GEORGE HOLLAND.

This was what I had been looking for, and, leaving any further details of organization in the hands of Rainsford and the lawyers, I took the night train for New York. My plans were fully formed. I had determined that no fear of the Standard Wool Company should prevent my taking

the fullest possible advantage of this unparalleled opportunity for increasing my fortune. For I argued to myself this way: "If the Wool Company are laying a trap for me the worst they can do is to buy up all my stocks at the high price now prevailing—and I shall have their good money in exchange. I can always invest again somewhere."

So I instructed my brokers what to do. Cautiously they fed out my Lumber stock and my Seringford Power Company stock at prices which sagged but little. Of course, as I was the only man connected with these companies who knew what was ahead, I was, naturally, the only one who was selling to any extent, and the matter went very satisfactorily.

The financial reports showed a selling movement in most of the large industrials, but it was looked upon as a "bear" raid, and the public cheerfully refused to get badly scared in the face of bright reports of crops and business. So the prices went off but little.

I stayed ten days in New York, returning to Toonsville with but nominal amounts of stock left, but with several millions of cash on deposit in New York—a fact which would have caused me much anxious thought and consideration if I had not felt perfectly easy about the bargains which would shortly be easy to find.

This was a very busy period of my life. I had to take up at once the organization and management of the Lorsford Factory, the most important point, at first, being the selection of a suitable man for the position of secretary and treasurer. In order to carry out the plan I had in view, I required a man of peculiar characteristics, and I was very fortunate in knowing such a one—Gustave Odell. He had previously done some work for me, of minor importance, but requiring very delicate handling, and I had found him decidedly efficient and—er—docile.

Lorsford shook his head when I mentioned Odell. "Of course, Mr. Dubble," said he, "you and your friends will fill that position as you think best, but I hope you will not appoint this man!"

"Why so?" I asked. "What do you know against him?"

"Nothing whatever, but he does not impress me favorably. I would urge you most strongly to make the strictest inquiries into his antecedents."

"I have satisfied myself as far as I desire to," I answered coldly. And Lorsford shrugged his shoulders and said no more. I had determined that Odell should be the secretary, and, of course, he was appointed.

I called the new official to a private interview a few days later, and, after some conversation as to his new duties, I said:

"Odell, you probably know the terms of Mr. Lorsford's agreement with this company?"

"I am not sure that I do, precisely."

"Well, of course you know that he takes charge of the production—the management of the factory—all office business being in your hands. He has undertaken so to manage the manufacturing costs as to earn a dividend of six per cent. this next year. If he does, he is to receive $100,000 in stock—which is now held in the treasury. Failing to earn that dividend, the stock remains the property of this company."

Odell looked down with half-closed eyes and made no remark, evidently expecting me to go on.

"Of course," I continued, "it will be your duty to aid him in this task to the best of your ability."

He made no response to this. He was a wonderfully discreet man, possessed of the unusual tact of knowing how to say nothing at the proper time—but he was looking keenly at me now.

"I fear," said I, after a short pause, "that Lorsford is somewhat optimistic. I don't feel quite so sure about the earnings as he does. However, if he should fail in this—if no dividend is made—although the company would be minus the $30,000, it would hold the $100,000 to make good. I had to make that arrangement to protect my friends, you know."

Odell was silent a few moments while we sat looking into each other's eyes. Then he drew a long breath as a peculiar glitter came into his glance.

"Your friends will be protected all right, Mr. Dubble, providing ——"

"Providing what?" I asked sharply.

"Providing Mr. Lorsford is not one of them!" he retorted with a low laugh.

I smiled uneasily, but I saw that he and I understood each other, which was the main point.

. . . . . .

Nearly two months passed without any striking indications of the results of our house-parties, and the decision of the "Two Hundred," as Ormsby had termed them, although large sales of the heavy industrial stocks had been made, and the prices had suffered accordingly. At last, however, a paragraph was given out by the Associated Press, and generally printed with big headlines. It stated that one of the great trunk lines had laid off three hundred men in its repair shops, giving as the reason a necessary curtailment of expenses.

That was the first shot. Knight, of the Enterprise Iron Works, was the next to fall in line, an interview being published in which he stated that their orders were thousands of dollars less than at the corresponding time of the previous year, and intimating a probable shut-down of at least three of their plants, and possibly five.

Then the calamity stories came in fast: from the great cotton mills of New England and the furniture factories of Michigan; from the steel industries of Pennsylvania and the copper mines of Superior; from the great manufacturers of electrical supplies and from the big locomotive shops; wherever men were employed in large numbers, wherever the stock was paying good dividends and fetching good prices—the news emanated of falling orders, of proposed retrenchment and curtailment.

The incipient panic spread rapidly and the bankers were our best assistants. Ormsby had truly said that it was unnecessary to bring them into the circle of the "Two Hundred"—that they'd fall into line at the least hint of trouble. And they did. Their fingers tightened over the dollars as quickly and surely as the tiny leaflets of the sensitive plant spring together at the brushing of a feather: and business interests felt it instantly. Those who didn't talk blue on general principles soon found some advantage in doing so. The cotton dealers whined about a short crop and advanced prices; the grain operators talked about "rust" and tried to boost old wheat. A great furniture company in Grand Rapids canceled—by mutual arrangement—a contract with us for a million feet of oak lumber; and the newspapers from ocean to ocean made that fact a headliner.

Mr. Holland Met Us as We Alighted

Two weeks later we commenced shipping on this contract, but I never saw an item in any paper about that. I took care that it didn't get into our locals.

But the furniture people got their men scared, and when we resumed wages were cut ten per cent.

Knight, of the Enterprise Iron Works, sustained his reputation and struck out hard. He laid off six thousand men at one time, and, when he called them in again two weeks later, it was under a severe cut in wages for the entire force of twenty thousand men. After that the plants ran overtime for a couple of months to make up production.

"He that handleth a matter wisely shall find good." The stocks kept falling—falling; until, some five or six months later when I was keenly watching their progress, I concluded that the bottom was near and commenced to buy in; with the result that I had shortly gained as much as I had previously held at prices aggregating one and a half million dollars less than I had sold for.

So the year passed, unrivaled in its light on new business methods, in its gifts of power, of wealth, and of valuable experience. The disease was checked, thousands of small irresponsible speculative schemes had disappeared, and legitimate business sprang again into vigorous activity. Enormous wealth had changed owners, shifting from timid, hesitating hands to those of strength and enterprise. The strong had become stronger, the weak weaker. New and important combinations appeared among the railroads, and hundreds of small industrial concerns had been absorbed by the greater ones.

. . . . . .

I had paid pretty close attention to the Lorsford Machine Works during the year, and often had to use my best efforts to soothe Lorsford, who seemed very much dissatisfied with the secretary. "He is not competent, Mr. Dubble!" he said to me savagely. "He is making contracts for material at higher prices than we ought to pay, in spite of my protests."

I answered sternly: "I consider it very necessary to put quality in the goods before anything else. Nothing will so surely bring a good reputation, and that means good profits."

"I'm afraid it will wipe out the profits before we get the reputation!" he growled moodily.

But, of course, I could not allow him to displace Odell. He was my choice, and he remained.

By steadfastly following this policy, therefore, it was not surprising, at the end of the first year, when an inventory had been taken and the books balanced, to find that, at the most, we could not declare a dividend of over two per cent. Lorsford came into my office on the day the report was made up. He was very pale, and I could see that he was struggling hard to keep down his excitement.

"Have you seen the report, Mr. Dubble?" he asked in a trembling voice.

"I have," I replied sympathetically.

"What does it mean?" he demanded huskily. "There must be some error, some mistake! It cannot be possible that, with the business we have done, the profits are not larger than ten thousand dollars!"

"I fear there is no mistake, Lorsford. I have always found our accounts kept in excellent shape. I cannot say that I am greatly surprised at the figures."

"You cannot mean that, Dubble! You surely don't mean that! Odell has not done as I advised about supplies, but even that could not have caused this fearful shortage."

"I consider that Odell has acted wisely," I retorted sharply. "You must remember that business has been depressed, and that we have not yet got the prices for the goods which we had been led to expect."

His face flushed deeply and a hot retort sprang to his lips, but he repressed it and dropped his head into his hands.

"I am sorry for this, Lorsford," I continued, after a pause. "It's a little disappointment to you, no doubt, as it will also be to the stockholders."

"They have their capital left," he said, almost fiercely. "I have nothing!"

His face was pallid, and his fingers twitched convulsively as he tore pieces from a paper he held in his hand, letting them flutter to the floor.

"It is thirty years this month, Dubble, since my father started this business. That was in the old building which is now the paint-shop. I was but a boy then, and he used to talk to me about it all, and say that it would be 'Lorsford and Son' some day. That's the way I've talked to my boy—and this is the end! Thirty years of hustle, hard work and thought thrown away!"

"You went too fast, Lorsford," I said, as gently as I could. "You ran ahead of your profits."

He moaned dismally, and again dropped his head down on his hands. After a short pause he rose to his feet and stumbled unsteadily from the room.

"Through wisdom is an house builded, and by understanding it is established." Lorsford had neither wisdom nor understanding. He had been trying to run a business with $100,000 which required at least $500,000. He would have inevitably been bankrupt, before this time, if I had not come to his assistance. He had been saved from the disgrace of failure and his credit was preserved, even if his capital was gone.

"I suppose he doesn't look at it that way," I said to my wife as we were talking over the report that evening.

(Concluded on Page 18)

The Bishop's Comedy

By Leonard Merrick

A Story of the Prelate and the Player

THE Bishop of Westborough had seldom found himself in a more delicate position. Since Sweetbay objected so strenuously to its Rector being a dramatist, Sweetbay was clearly no place for the Rector, and it devolved upon his lordship to intimate the fact. But secretly his lordship was also guilty of dramatic authorship, and installments of his comedy were even now in the hands of that accomplished actress, Miss Kitty Clarges. For this reason—and another—the Bishop had wakeful nights.

However, he did what was required. With all his customary blandness, and perhaps a shade more, he pointed out to the Reverend Baker Barling that the parish at Sweetbay was unsuitable for him, and offered him instead a living which commended itself to the Baker Barlings not at all. Indeed, Mrs. Baker Barling was so highly incensed by the removal that the Rector had on several occasions to say "My dear!" to her reprovingly.

The Bishop was young for a bishop. His classical features and the dignity of his carriage would have compelled attention even if he had been a mere man. He never said anything noteworthy, but he voiced the sentiments of the unthinking in stately language. This made him generally admired. It is not to be inferred that he was insincere—he had been granted a popular mind; he shared with the majority a strong aversion for disagreeable truths. His widest reflections were bounded by the word "unpleasant," and every truth that was unpleasant was to the Bishop of Westborough "one of those things that are better left undiscussed." He had a warm affection for this phrase, which occurred in all his articles for the cultured reviews. It was a phrase that suggested much earnestness of thought—and it spared him the exertion of thinking at all.

Domestically he had been no less fortunate than in his mental limitations. He possessed a little wife who listened to him with the utmost patience, and he had seen both his girls make brilliant matches in their first season—the previous history of the bridegroom being, in each case, "one of the things that are better left undiscussed." Accordingly, the Bishop boasted a grateful heart. In fact, when he reflected how abundantly Providence had blessed him, he was more than normally horrified to think of the impious murmurings of the poor.

That a personage of his environment and disposition had been tempted toward so unepiscopalian a course as writing a comedy proves how true it is that nothing happens but the unforeseen. It was one of the speediest conquests of Miss Clarges' career—a career in which peers had been plentiful, but prelates thitherto lacking. He had made her acquaintance at a reception—she was clever off the stage as well as on it, and had always tempered her indiscretions with tact; duchesses called her "dear." He thought her the most fascinating woman he had ever met, and talked to her upon the conditions of the English stage with considerable satisfaction to himself.

"What a dramatist your lordship would have made if you had not been a bishop!" she murmured, with rapt eyes.

"Oh—er—you are jesting," said the Bishop, asking for more.

"No, indeed—I mean it," returned the lady reverently. "You have what we call the 'sense of the theatre.' And it is so rare. You startled me just now—you know by intuition things that the ordinary dramatist needs years of experience to find out. I can't tell you how extraordinary it is!" She regarded him as if she were being confronted by a miracle.

Partly because he was very vain, and partly because Miss Clarges was very good-looking, the lie that she forgot almost as soon as it was spoken had lingered caressingly with the Bishop. Sitting in the palace one afternoon with nothing to do, he found himself scribbling: "Act I—A Drawing-Room." He had no definite intention of continuing, still less had he a definite plot; but, like every one who is deficient in self-criticism, he wrote with prodigious facility, and his first act was finished in three days.

Miss Clarges had been a good deal surprised to receive a semi-humorous note from the Bishop of Westborough reminding her of their conversation, and hinting that he would be glad to have her opinion on "a dramatic bantling." Tea and a tête-à-tête followed in the lady's boudoir.

She found Act I all that she had dreaded—and told him it was most original. Beaming with importance, he perpetrated Act II, and read her that. She was contemplating a season of management, and in sanguine moments reflected that a practiced hand might knock the Bishop's comedy into something like shape, and that the Bishop's name on the bills would be well worth having. So she offered various suggestions about the leading part, and was at home as often as he chose to call—and for some weeks he had chosen to call very often indeed.

He Found Himself Scribbling: "Act I—A Drawing-Room"

Remember that he was only fifty. He had married when he was twenty-five—married a girl who was taken by his handsome face, and who brought him a very respectable dower. Though the dower had fascinated him more than the girl, the courtship had comprised his sentimental experiences. As has been said, he had had no reason to complain of his choice. He had been remarkably successful in all his relationships; he felt that his wife worshiped him, and her worship and his worldly progress had contented him fully. But now, for the first time in his career, he was thrown into intimate association with a woman who had captivated those who were seeing life and those who had seen it—and the Bishop of Westborough fell in love with her as violently as many wiser men had done before him.

As for her, it was the first time in the woman's career that she had been openly admired by a bishop. At the beginning, she was attracted by his reputation—much as her youngest adorers had been attracted by her own—but presently she was attracted by his homage. He appealed to her one weakness, her vanity. Though she thought it a pity that he wanted to write a comedy she considered him a great man; his profound belief in himself, supported by a nation's esteem, imposed on her. To have made a conquest of a pillar of the Church flattered her inordinately; the novelty of the situation had its effect on the actress, too—and, to her unspeakable amazement, Kitty Clarges fell in love with the Bishop.

It was at this juncture that circumstances had forced him to mortify the Rector of Sweetbay.

"The affair makes me doubt whether I ought to proceed with my own play," he admitted to her one afternoon.

"My dear friend!"—she meant "What rot!" but she no longer said "What rot!" even to other actresses—and she wore dove-colored gowns, and had been to hear him preach. The higher life was a little trying, but she liked to feel worthier of him.

"My action in the matter may be misconstrued. Of course, I've simply deferred to the local prejudice, but it may be thought that I disapprove of the man's tendencies. If I figured as a dramatist myself a little later I might be placed in an ambiguous position. . . . Perhaps we might overcome the difficulty by a pseudonym?"

She looked blank. "Your lordship's name will be a draw; I'm afraid a pseudonym would mean waiving a great deal."

"Financially? The pecuniary result is not important to me."

But it was important to her. "If the secret were really kept you'd be waiving all the kudos, too," she added.

"Well, we must consider," said the Bishop, clinking the spoon in his cup. "You shall advise me—though I fear I'm exceeding an author's privileges. By the way, does the manageress always offer the author refreshment?"

"She does on this occasion," said Miss Clarges, laughing. "But you don't really mean to give up the comedy, do you? Think of poor me!"

The Bishop's eyes were eloquent. "Thinking of you," he said, after a lingering gaze, "I have this to say: you will be put to considerable expense in bringing out my work, and, novice as I am, I'm aware that a theatre is a heavy speculation. If I decide to withhold the advantage of my name from the piece I shall, of course, claim to share your risk."

"You are very generous, dear friend; I don't think I could say 'yes' to that."

"It is no more than fair."

"I'd rather not. I—I shouldn't care for you to find money for me!" said Kitty Clarges—and she was conscious that she had soared into the higher life indeed.

"You are scarcely treating me as the dear friend you allow me to believe myself," urged the Bishop, missing the greatest compliment of his life.

"Oh!" she said under her breath.

"I should be serving my own ends. And besides——"

"Besides, what?"

"It would make me very happy to think that I served *you*."

Her eyelids fell. "You *have* served me."

"I rejoice to hear it. May I ask how?"

"You've served me by your friendship. You've given me different thoughts, taken me out of myself, done me good—in some ways!" she sighed deeply. "I've learnt that there are so much realler things than the shams that satisfied me before we met. I've been a very—worldly woman. You know, don't you?"

"Few human beings are stronger than temptations, child," he said melodiously, "and yours must have been many."

"I used to want you to think me better than I am. Now I—I do and I don't. Oh, I can't explain!"

"You are showing me your heart—you need not spell it."

"I suppose what I mean really is that I want you to know me as I am, and yet to like me just as much. I wonder if you would!"

He laid a gentle hand upon her shoulder: "Why not put me to the test?"

"I daren't," she said.

"Am I so hard?"

She shook her head silently.

"What then?"

"I'm so bad," she whispered. She drooped a little nearer to him.

"Why do you say such things?" cried the Bishop. "You hurt me!"

"Haven't you met other sinners?"

"I would have had *your* past free from sin."

"Oh, my past?" she sobbed, and bowed herself in his arms. "My past is past—I'm sinning now!"

Much may be done by earnest endeavor, and he persuaded himself that his embrace was episcopal.

"My child," he murmured at last, soothing her tenderly, "I will not affect to misunderstand what you have said—it would be a false kindness to you. Nor will I be guilty of concealing the transgressions of my own heart. Were I a younger man I might doubt the righteousness of owning that the attachment is mutual; but the years bring wisdom, and at my age we see deeply. My duty is to help you, and I realize that I can help you only by a perfect candor. I acknowledge, therefore, that you are indeed most dear to me."

"Oh, you are great!" she exclaimed. "I shall see you still? Promise you'll still come here—don't let me lose you! Say it! Say again you love me!"

"You are indeed most dear to me," repeated the Bishop, who thought this way of putting it sounded more innocent. He got up and paced the room with agitation. "You ask me if I will still come here. I do not disguise from myself that many might think I should answer 'no'; many might hold it my duty to desert you in the conflict that must be

waged, and leave you to bear the brunt of it alone. I am not one of them. Flight is at best the refuge of a coward. Doughtier than to flee temptation is to confront and conquer it." He swept the hair from his brow with a noble gesture. "I recognize that my highest duty is to share your struggles—to solace and sustain you. Yes, I will come! We have a mighty battle before us, you and I—and we will fight side by side, my comrade, till we win!"

In other words, he ventured to go to tea there though they were wildly in love.

II

HOW much of what the Stage Door Club said about them was fact, and how much of it was fiction, is a thing that could only be decided by the Bishop or Miss Clarges. But the Reverend Baker Barling, who frequently dropped into the club for the house dinner, or a game of whist, heard the gossip; and Baker Barling confided it to Mrs. Baker Barling; and Mrs. Baker Barling, whose wrath against the Bishop had in no way abated, manœuvred for the joy of condoling with the Bishop's wife.

Miss Clarges was paralyzed one morning by a note in which "Mrs. Lullieton Meadows," mentioning that her husband was the Bishop of Westborough, requested the actress to receive her upon a matter of the utmost importance that same afternoon. The actress' first impulse was to be "out" when the lady called; her second, to telegraph to the Bishop for advice. The fear of driving Mrs. Meadows to extremities, and the thought that a telegram might fall into the wrong hands, prevented her adopting either course. She could only pray for the ability to persuade the visitor that her suspicions were unfounded, and she felt sick with misgiving as the day wore on.

How extraordinary of the woman! Whether she meant to be offensive, or pathetic, what a folly of her to come! On the stage, of course, such scenes were usual, and Kitty Clarges knew exactly how she would have to behave there—that she would be first mocking, then attentive, and finally moved to repentance. But the theatre was one thing, and life was another.

At the tingle of the bell she caught her breath. She had never seen "the other woman," and, mixed with her apprehension, was a strong curiosity to see what his wife was like.

"Mrs. Meadows," announced the maid.

The actress turned to the door, trembling, and saw with satisfaction that the lady was a timid little woman, dowdily dressed. She looked as if she bought her clothes in Brixton.

"Mrs. Meadows—how good of you to call!"

Mrs. Meadows advanced awkwardly; it was evident that she was painfully embarrassed.

"Miss Clarges? I hope I haven't put you to any inconvenience?" she murmured.

"It is an immense pleasure to me to meet you. Won't you sit down?"

For an instant the Bishop's wife hesitated. Then she sat at the extreme edge of a chair, and moistened her lips.

"My visit must appear very strange to you?"

"Most kind!" said Kitty Clarges. "How is his lordship getting on with the play? It'll soon be finished now, I suppose?"

"I dare say—I really don't know; I did not come to talk about the play," Mrs. Meadows faltered; "I came because you might do more for me than anybody else alive! Miss Clarges, my husband is in love with you."

The start, the bewilderment in the eyes, was admirable: "My . . . *dear* Mrs. Meadows!"

"You need not trouble to deny it," said the lady quietly, "because he has acknowledged it to me. But that isn't all: you are in love with my husband."

"Are you here to insult me?" cried Miss Clarges, rising. "I have the honor to be one of his lordship's friends; he has been pleased to discuss his comedy with me. Not unnatural, I think. Especially as I hope to produce the piece! As for . . . what you say, there has never been a word, a syllable—our conversations might have been phonographed for all London to hear!" The indignation of her voice quivered into pain.

"I don't wonder that he admires you," said his wife thoughtfully; "you have great talent. But I have seen a letter from you to him. Here it is!"

Miss Clarges gasped, and looked at it. She sat down again very slowly.

"All right," she said. "I *am* fond of your husband! Well?"

"It was finding your letter that made me write to you. I heard weeks ago that he was mad about you, but the letter showed me that *you* cared for *him*. Oh, I know that I oughtn't to have written! I considered a long time before I made up my mind. But there was so much at stake—I thought you might help me. If you will listen——"

"What for?" exclaimed Miss Clarges. "What's the good of my listening? Even if I promised you not to see him again—I couldn't promise it, but if I did—would it make him any fonder of *you?* Do you think if *I* lost a man I should beg the other woman to give him back to me? I should know she couldn't do it; I should know I might as well beg her to give me back—my innocence. And I shouldn't reproach her, either! I'd reproach myself! I should call myself a fool for not holding my own. Women like me *don't* lose the man they want—we know how easy it is for him to leave us, and we take the trouble to keep him. It's you good women who are always being left—after you've caught the man you think you've nothing more to do. Marriage is the end of your little story, so you take it for granted that it *must* be the end of his. The more you love him the sooner you bore him. You go bankrupt in the honeymoon—you're a back number to him before you've been married a month—he knows all your life, and all your mind, and all your moods. You haven't a charm in reserve for him—and then you wonder he yawns. Great Scott! To hold a man's interest, show him your heart as you pull out a tape measure—an inch at a time. I adore your husband, I venerate him! My guilty love has made me a purer woman. You can't realize that, I don't expect you to realize it; but surely you must know that—if you wept and went down on your knees to me—I couldn't say: 'Because the right's all on your side, he shall never think about me any more!'"

"You misunderstand the object of my visit," said Mrs. Meadows meekly. "I didn't come to weep to you; I didn't come to beg you to say that he should never think of you any more. I came to beg you to tell me what you find in him to love."

"Eh?" ejaculated Miss Clarges.

"I came to beg you to tell me what you find in him to love," repeated the elder woman, in plaintive tones. "You see, to you he is only an episode; but, unless I choose to make a scandal—and I have daughters to consider—*I* must expect to spend many more years with him. If you would help me to discover some attraction in him it would make life far easier for me."

Kitty Clarges sat staring at her dumbly. "You f-find no attraction in him?" she stammered at last.

"It is unconventional of me to admit it to you; but, as I say, there is so much at stake—I feel justified in asking your assistance. To me he is tedious beyond words to tell. If you would explain why you adore him, if you would show me some merit—some spark of talent, or wit, or humor, something to make his pretensions less intolerable—you don't know how thankful to you I should be."

"Your husband is a great man." Kitty spoke with a touch of uncertainty.

"Oh, no! And I should be foolish to ask so much—a moderately intelligent man is all that a woman like me has the right to expect. The Bishop is unfortunately very, very dull. Believe me, I have tried most conscientiously to be deceived by him. I used to read his press notices and say: 'Look what the newspapers say about him—it *must* be true!' But I knew it wasn't. I used to listen to his sermons—there aren't many of them—they've been the same sermons for twenty years—and say: 'What lovely language; what noble thoughts! How proud his little Mildred should be!' But, though I was a young girl then, I knew that the lovely language was all sound and no sense, and that the noble thoughts came out of the Dictionary of Quotations. Oh, Miss Clarges, you are a brilliant woman—far, far cleverer than I—he must have some stray quality that my earnest search hasn't brought to light, or you couldn't gush so romantically about him! Help me to see it! Think how he wearies me—tell me what his virtue is!"

She Reflected that the Bishop's Name on the Bills Would be Worth Having

The actress was breathing heavily, her nostrils fluttered; on her bloodless cheeks the delicacy of "Maiden Bloom" stood out in unbecoming blotches. To hear that she idolized a man whom this little provincial in last year's fashions disdained as a bore robbed her of speech. She had not believed there could be such depths of humiliation.

Some seconds passed, while the suppliant watched her.

"If you don't care for your husband I'm afraid I couldn't teach you to love him."

"No, no; I only thought you might help me to put up with him; I'm not unreasonable—I'd be grateful for small mercies. You're not vexed with me for coming?"

"Oh, not at all; I—I suppose you've been very . . . amiable. I'm sorry I can't oblige you."

"Well," sighed Mrs. Meadows, "it can't be helped. But I must say I'm disappointed! When I found out there was a woman in love with him it simply amazed me; I felt it only right to consult you—it seemed such an opportunity to improve matters at home. Still, there it is—if you can't tell me, you can't!" She was very downcast. "Then I'll say 'good afternoon.'"

"May I offer you some—tea?" quavered Kitty.

"Thank you so much, but I'm afraid I must be going now; I promised to see our secretary at the office of the Mission Fund at four o'clock. Good-by, Miss Clarges."

Now, though Kitty Clarges endeavored to persuade herself by turns that Mrs. Meadows was a fool incapable of appreciating her husband, and that Mrs. Meadows was a diplomat scheming to disenchant her with him, both endeavors were unsuccessful. She could not think the woman an utter idiot, and still less was it possible to think her a genius. Kitty Clarges was less entranced by the Bishop at their next meeting. Between them lurked a dowdy little figure, regarding her with derisive eyes. His eloquence was no longer thrilling—Kitty was obsessed by the knowledge that it wasn't good enough for the woman in the clothes from Brixton.

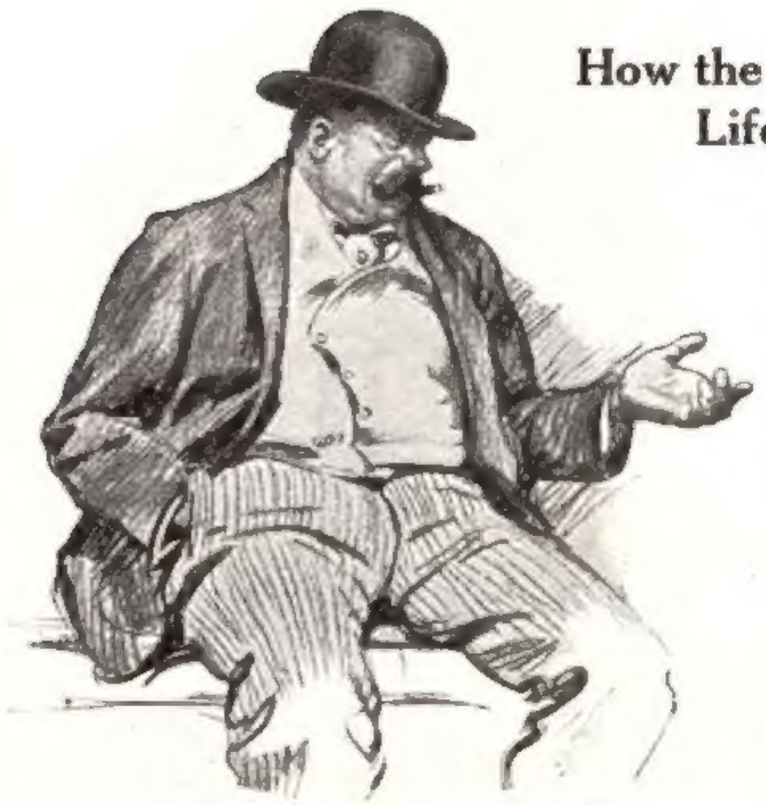
Before long the sight of her own dove-colored gowns began to get on her nerves, and gradually she discarded them. Once, when the Bishop proposed to visit her, she told him that she would be lunching out. A few days later she wrote that unforeseen circumstances denied her the hope of producing his comedy. His urgent letter of inquiry remained unanswered. When, later, he called for an explanation she was "not at home."

"But I Have Seen a Letter from You to Him. Here It Is!"

The Lonely Idol of the Fickle "Fans"

By Allen Sangree

How the Professional Ball Player Leads His Secluded Life, and Why He Mistrusts All the World



He Assumed to Tell Those in His Vicinity What "Ailed" New York

THE professional baseball player leads a lonely life. He invites no introduction unless it be with some equally famous athlete in his own line or another, notably pugilism and racing. He may join a fraternal order, but seldom attends the meetings. He ignores social amenities. He never talks with a stranger and even shies from a newspaper man, unless pretty well acquainted with him.

In the first year of my occupation as a baseball reporter, ere I reached that dizzy Pisgah's height when the captain permitted me to sit on the bench during an exhibition game—the only vantage-point whence one may truly learn how our national pastime is played by professionals—I attributed this singular exclusiveness to egotism. It has taken three seasons of continuous association with league teams to account for it properly.

To begin with, one must keep in mind that, out of eighty million people in this *E Pluribus Unum*, there are but two hundred and fifty top-notch exponents of the game that you and I played as youngsters. This is impressive, considering the fact that I don't know how many boys from Maine to Honolulu are striving daily to perfect themselves in the noble art of hitting and catching a baseball. The sport itself is a primitive instinct: a mystery in ethnology that I do not attempt to explain. All I know is that in Zululand a couple of years ago we handed a new baseball to a young induna, or chief, and the first thing he did was to "play catch" with it. After that, he threw as far as he could and then proceeded to soak it with his war-club. He felt the seams, hooked his fingers around it like McGinnity or Chesbro, rubbed it over his cheek, and finally offered an ingénue from his harem in exchange.

Expensive Impulsiveness

YES, there is a fascination about any sort of a ball. The chances are that the apple Eve tripped on was nice and round, and all the more keen was Adam to accept it. Then we have that Greek maid, Atalanta, who could beat anybody around the bases in her time. Some say that she was struck out on the three golden apples of Hesperides, but from the way that I have seen women buzz at a ball game it is safe to bet that the shifty Hippomenes pitched some horsehide pellets—made of Pegasus. Some time there may arrive a literary Togo who will explain the psychological effect which a ball exerts over a monkey, a kitten or a human being. Our point now is that, with all this charm and world-wide application to the American national game, there are barely enough good players to supply two big leagues.

I mention this to impress upon you that the modern ball player is a person of importance, not only in national affairs, but in the broader arena of human progress. We are accustomed to estimate him as a "hoodlum," perchance with a certain polish that has abraded the corners of a town-lot tutelage. There is to some extent a foundation for this idea. If you ever played baseball, you recall perfectly well that the game was entirely a matter of impulse. You did not know when you were going to pitch a third strike, "paste" a home run, make an error or a brilliant play. Accordingly, your sister or mother may have been grievously shocked when she heard you use language that Shakespeare never knew, and that would never have appeared in the pages of John Bunyan.

In respect to impulse, the professional differs nothing from the country lad. His heart is even more in the game, and he will do and say things so extraordinary as to suggest madness—purely on impulse. I once saw a famous ball player "take a punch" at an umpire, well knowing that the result would be a hundred dollars' fine. His wife was critically ill at the time; he had to pay for a trained nurse and a surgical specialist. Nevertheless, he disregarded everything on the impulse of a moment when the umpire called "foul" on his clean hit that struck six feet inside of third base.

A Code of Exclusiveness

I REPEAT that, in my first year of following the team, the professional ball player's exclusiveness puzzled me. But now I perceive that the "fan," in witnessing a big league game, fails to remember the feelings that surged through his own youthful brain when he had a practical interest in baseball. This forgetfulness has resulted in erecting a barrier, steep as the Russian debt, between spectator and player.

The latter regards himself an Ishmaelite. He is not only suspicious of the stranger that approaches him in the hotel lobby or Pullman train, but he even mistrusts the club managers and stockholders—everybody, in brief, but his wife. He is so impregnated with suspicion as to be skeptical of your good wishes; believes that every man's hand is against him, including his own team-mates', and life for him is a constant personal fight. He will draw advance money although he does not need it, just to see if a club is "on the level"—a big corporation, an influential corporation that has been, and proposes to be, in business for years.

There is none so suspicious as the irresponsible. I don't know whether Socrates or "Chuck" Connors ever handed this out before, but it is true—notably with ball players. In traveling they are like a lot of children: they herd together and follow the leader. It is always a great question with ball teams, when coming from Boston to New York, whether they will take the boat or the train. If the management has bought tickets on the Fall River Line, immediately the team goes into secret session.

"Aha!" says one, "they're saving money. There's something behind this. We're going to get done."

Once let them be seized with this idea and that manager must change his transportation to rail. Thereupon the men have a tedious wait of six hours, and spend the night in hot, stuffy berths. But they look wise; they weren't "done."

In spite of this distrust of the manager, they submit themselves docilely to any arrangement that is finally completed because they feel their incapability of taking care of themselves. Safely quartered on a boat or train, however, they again become bold with peevish complaints against the porter, the conductor, the service and the dining-room stewards.

Imbued as they are with this fear that some one is trying to get the better of them, they acquire an impersonal sense of loyalty—loyalty not to each other, as men, but to the profession. True, each player has a "pal" on whom he is so dependent that he would not buy a shoestring or a necktie without consulting him, but toward others of the team he has so much reserve that he would rather sit reading advertisements on the hotel-blotters than "fan" with them.

Many a time I have found a great pitcher or catcher, after winning tremendous applause at a game, lurking at a dark street corner when the day's work was done—alone, morose and gloomily contemplative. Newsboys were shouting his name far and wide; managing editors were ordering "specials" on "Smith: Idol of the Fans" for a page story on Sunday. Meanwhile, Smith was hiding like some escaped convict, apparently a man of sorrow. He could not find his "pal" and had no desire to talk with any one else.

Curiously enough, a rare exception to this rule is Luther Taylor, of the New York Nationals, who is deaf and dumb. Wherever Taylor goes—north, south, east, or west—he will always be visited by scores of the silent fraternity among whom he is regarded as a prodigy. Taylor has a genial, humorous spirit that covets companionship. While a man like Lajoie or Hans Wagner may lock himself in his room, rebuffing every social invitation, Taylor would gayly join the madding throng of mutes and have a good time. But Taylor's friends are different from the general run of baseball enthusiasts. The deaf mutes have not only a genuine admiration, but sympathy for, and adherence to, their champion, while, so far as I have observed, every other kind of a "fan" is fickle.

The Sport Itself is a Primitive Instinct

This is the primary reason for a ball player's exclusiveness. He knows an outsider will boast of intimacy with him so long as he, the player, is doing good work. When his prowess declines, the same "fan" will shake his head wisely and tell how he vainly tried to "keep Jones straight."

The Grandstand Solomon

ONE day, in a game at Chicago, I was sitting on the grandstand when a certain New York player struck out three times. Near by was a heavy-jowled person with a black, tropical mustache, and a diamond stud the size of a sewer-cap. He assumed to tell those in his vicinity what "ailed" New York, and finally imparted confidentially that he had "opened wine" the night before when entertaining the unfortunate player who had just "fanned" for the third time.

"Sure!" he said. "Why, I had to put him in a cab and send him home; boiled as an owl he was, and it's a wonder to me how he holds his job. I bet you that every time that ball comes at him he sees a dozen. By George, we certainly did punish the juice! Good fellow, you know; best ever, but drink has got him and he won't last long."

Well, that same player is now hitting about .360, and is one of the best run-getters in either league. You could not persuade him to take a drink with any one except his "pal" or a very near relative. He heard about the "knock"; it was passed from one to another all over the grandstand and printed the next day in many newspapers. His first impulse was to hunt up the "wine-opener" and thrash him, but the boys only laughed. "Get wise," they counseled. "Don't you know that 'fans' are all alike? They'll knock you every time they get a chance."

Another reason for exclusiveness is that nine "fans" out of ten will try to get one player to admit that another player is "no good." They will pat Jim on the back and tell him that he is a wonder, but that Joe is holding back the whole team. A fair-minded professional does not want to hear this sort of talk. He knows that things are liable to "break wrong" for him some time and that then he will be the object of criticism. Occasionally, a good batsman

will go for weeks without a hit. Then again an entire team will have a batting slump. With a man on third and none out, they cannot get him home. No one can explain this; they simply appear to be unable to "meet the ball." At such times as these the "fan" has no consideration for an individual or a team and will "roast" to a frazzle.

An illustration of this and one right over the plate was the treatment accorded Joe McGinnity by the "fans" in his own city. The "Iron Man" made an unprecedented record. He pitched and won three double-headers—that is, eighteen continuous innings—between the hours of two o'clock and six, on three different occasions. He then proceeded to win twelve games in succession. Returning to the Polo Grounds while his name was on every lip, when his picture was printed even in the foreign papers, he had the misfortune to be hit freely in one inning. All thought or memory of his recent great achievements was swept away in a moment. "Take him out! Take him out! He's rotten!" came from bleachers and grandstand. Later, in a little quiet summer garden, one of the small group of friends cried indignantly: "Well! What do you think of that, Joe?"

"Oh!" replied McGinnity with a resigned smile, "that's baseball for you. To-day you are a hero and to-morrow you are a lobster. You mustn't pay any attention to them." Can you blame a player for shunning the public?

In spite of this light inconstancy and brutal criticism, a professional ball player might be more approachable to the public if the latter did not insist on talking shop Whether it be that an intelligent American citizen believes that a ball player is able to discuss nothing else than the game—which is, in a measure, true—or whether he takes such an interest in it that an opportunity to debate the subject with a great player makes him neglect all courtesy, I do not quite know. The fact remains, however, that the desire to talk shop is so strong in the stranger as to render him odious. In any other occupation we should at least consider it wretched taste. You would scarcely ask Kipling to recite that "Rag and a Bone and a Hank of Hair" thing upon being introduced to him in the theatre lobby. Neither would you demand of President Roosevelt to state just how he opened peace negotiations between Japan and Russia. But a baseball "fan"—bless your soul—has no hesitancy about breaking in upon one's privacy to ask the most impudent questions.

In coming North this spring with the Highlanders, "Jack" Chesbro was writing a letter in the team's private car. A man, who turned out to be of some prominence in the legal profession in Washington, inquired of me which of the company was Chesbro. I pointed him out and watched developments. Chesbro, in addition to being an arch skeptic from the professional's standpoint, is a New Englander and very conservative. He makes few friends and has little to say on any topic except farming. I may say here that every ball player has a hobby to divert his thoughts from the one important aim in life—his success on the diamond. "Bill" Bradley, of Cleveland, trains gold fish, and "Dave" Fultz, of New York, studies Blackstone. Well, this lawyer person slapped Chesbro on the shoulder, extended a palm and sat down on the arm of the seat.

"So you are the great Chesbro!" he began. "Why, I saw you pitch your first game up in Middletown, New York. Remember that? Say, who was that little fellow that played second base? Wasn't he a corker? I expected to see his face in the papers. To my mind, he was quicker than Gilbert, or any of these fellows. Well, Jack, you are pitching great ball! I had a party of friends out in my automobile to see you that game when you beat Washington eleven to nothing and I told them that I saw you pitch your first game. But, say, you ought to get rid of that man on —— base. All you fellows need to win the pennant is . . ." And so on, and so on.

Chesbro listened for some time and then called the porter.

"George," he said, "how'd this guy break in? I thought that we had a private car!" With that he continued his directions to Mrs. Chesbro as to the best way of managing a magnolia plant—he had shipped one of those exotics to her from Atlanta.

Later in the dining-car I overheard the same lawyer telling a friend that the New York ball team was on the train and how Jack Chesbro ("you know that fellow that pitches the spit-ball") came up and spoke to him.

"Well," he said, "they're a tough lot, these ball players! Have no education, you know. I used to catch a good game in college myself—had that finger broken—and the boys wanted me to become a professional. But, of course, a man would not want to be associated with such hoodlums!"

Again, on the 1905 spring trip we were playing a week in New Orleans and struck a couple of rainy days. We put up at a hotel where it cost Clarke Griffith $1000 a week, which gives some idea of the expense of taking a ball team South. It was a doleful period. Even in bright weather ball players are at a loss where to spend their

(Concluded on Page 20)

They Know the Batting and Fielding Average of Every Professional

The Lady and the Ladder

By Harrison Rhodes

The Annals of an American Countess

VII

JUNE passed into July, and the great pageant of the London season still continued. It brought its pleasures, dinners, dances, evenings at the play with suppers in gay restaurants to follow, garden parties, bazars—costly these—tea at Hurlingham to watch the polo. It brought its sorrows, negative mostly—doors that did not open to receive our heroines; Englishwomen who took their money at a bazar one day for charity and forgot them next day in the Park; compatriots who seemed to know by instinct the unimportant fact that they had no great position at home and who improved upon this fact by fancies of their own.

This was the period of lurid tales of Mary's career, started by her rivals and lacking on the very face of them any semblance of probability. To do her English friends justice, it appeared to them amusing, but not very important, if she had been the keeper of a sailors' boarding-house and four times divorced. Mrs. Whiting herself denied these facts, and her word was as likely to be as good as anybody's. Americans were odd, anyway, but they certainly helped to pass the time, so people felt. The exact figures as to the Whiting fortune would indeed have been grateful; somebody was sure sooner or later to marry it, and he wouldn't want to have his leg pulled. The Lesters' attitude of guarded reticence upon the subject can scarcely be excused, though the rivalry between the two families was by this time fairly open, and Alma was, after all, but human. Mr. Hugh Erskine's occasional remarks, however, served as an effective counterpoise, and the way they entertained at the house in Curzon Street completed the argument in favor of the genuine importance of the Whiting money. At any rate the Duc d'Artannes, an astute young gentleman, continued to be in and out of the house "like a rabbit in a warren"—again to quote Tommy Trefford's phrase. Lord Remerton also was constantly in Curzon Street, and though Mr. Erskine's health appeared to be almost as strong as the bull market at home, which he was neglecting, he showed no eagerness to return to Chicago. In fact, a great stream of people was always passing through the house, usually stopping long enough to consume a delicate French dinner and a good deal of '93 champagne—there was no more '98 after Mary overheard her guests comment upon it—but these three gentlemen were oftenest to be noted. Mr Hugh Erskine's visits did not excite Pauline. She considered them as those of an elderly uncle. But her spirits rose in a gradual crescendo with the successive announcements by their sonorous-voiced butler (once Mrs. Peignton's) of the Earl of Remerton and His Grace the Duke of Artannes.

One thing only for a moment clouded the sky for her

"It doesn't seem to me, mother," she complained one day, "that you encourage either Remerton or d'Artannes to come here."

"I ask them to almost everything we give," protested Mary.

"But you arrange not to sit next to them, and when they come to tea you always talk to somebody else if you can. It almost seems to me that you wear your most unbecoming dresses when you know you are going to see them."

"I throw them with you. Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Mary, "it's you we want them to marry, not me."

"Naturally," said Pauline, holding her head a little high, "but I think they ought to be made more welcome Both of them, as a matter of fact, have complained to me that you don't seem to like them as much as you used to."

Mary was silent and her ward added:

"Perhaps they may come not to like you as much as they used to."

"Honestly, Pauline," said Mary after a moment's reflection, "I don't believe that is the danger."

And Pauline, reassured, felt not the danger, if there were one. Again days passed, and again her spirits rose with hope and pride. The sun shone with almost too bright a gold in a sky which was almost too unspotted a blue. Then, at last, if one may be allowed to continue with this meteorological figure of speech, while in one quarter flamed the glow which preluded an approaching great event, in another a small storm cloud grew blacker and more lowering. To be specific, the great event—less great perhaps than the reader will expect—was Mrs. Reggie Hoopetowne's dinner on the twentieth for a Very Great Personage, to which Mrs. and Miss Whiting had been asked; the cloud was Their Majesties' Court on the twenty-third to which they had *not* been summoned by Royal and Imperial command

A vigorous campaign had been waged by our heroines and their friends to secure both; Mrs. Hoopetowne and the Very Great Personage had yielded at last; Mary presented Mrs. Peignton with a pearl pendant and Laurie Marston with a gold cigarette case in recognition of their efforts. The Great Personage himself had suggested that before any more new Americans were presented to him he should "have a look at their points," as he elegantly put it, and, in order to offer an opportunity for such inspection it was arranged that the candidates, duly adorned, should occupy a box next to the Personage at a charity concert which he was to attend. The widows and orphans of Camberwell benefited by the one hundred pounds which was the price of the box, and a fashionable dressmaker in Bond Street, also a widow and orphan as it happened, by a considerably greater sum, the cost of two wonderful new frocks in and out of which our heroines were to be exposed on approval. By some error in the plans Pauline, upon arrival, planted herself upon the side next the Personage, giving him the full benefit of Exhibit A; her knobby brow, her mouse-colored pompadour, and her scrawny neck obscuring almost completely Exhibit B—Mary's golden

Alone for the Moment, Sitting in a Big Chair

brown hair, her lovely skin, and her eye of china blue Laurie Marston, in ambush in the stalls below with a powerful binocular directed above, saw the Personage give a stare of astonishment, then squirm with anger, and finally turn to the stage and the singers with a vigor of interest unusual, if not unknown, in him. It was a crisis indeed. Laurie rose to his feet (it was in the middle of a song) and, regardless of protests and equally regardless of the damage his haste was doing to the rich costumes of his neighbors, crushed his way to the aisle and started to the rescue, a bit of wreckage—real Brussels point—clinging to a button on his sleeve. He flew up the stairs, and for once at least was masterful. In fifteen seconds the ladies had changed places and the noise attracted the attention of the Personage. In thirty seconds the game was won. The following day a card came from Mrs. Hoopetowne for the twentieth.

But the influence of the Personage, strong though it might be at Buckingham Palace, was apparently not exerted. This was the year when the informal edict had gone forth that people were not to exercise too freely their legal right of presenting Americans. The Princess Sophia, from whom something had been hoped, was apparently occupied buying new frocks in colors and looking at plans for the Memorial Wing, for no intimation could be dragged from the court officials that the ladies Whiting would be welcome on the twenty-third. The American Embassy was behaving oddly. Probably somebody there had a sister in Chicago, and the sister had unquestionably written to say that it was extraordinary how the Whitings got on in London, since they were nobody at home. As though it mattered! But American team-work abroad is notoriously weak. Our heroines had, at any rate, to content themselves with the prospect of Mrs. Hoopetowne's party, and with the prospect of the Personage. Very Important, and Very Royal, if not quite the King

The reader will be, it is hoped, as eager for Mrs. Hoopetowne's party as were Mrs. and Miss Whiting, and will forego any account of the gayeties of the intervening days. As the ladies dressed that evening, Mary in white and gold, Pauline in white and silver, they both felt that a great wave was rising beneath them and that, by midnight, from its crest, they would almost be able to see Chicago, at least to be seen from its lower levels. Pauline's sallow cheek was again pinkish, and it was even more than social triumph which made it flush

"I'm sure, mother dear, something's going to happen to-night," she said. "For the last few days Remerton and d'Artannes have seemed to be trying to find out from me what you think of them. And to-day they both said practically the same thing—that they hoped I liked them and that they hoped you liked them, because to-night they were going to say something very special to you. It seems funny to us Americans, doesn't it, that they speak to the parents over here and get their permission before they say anything to the girl herself?"

"Yes," said Mary, with an abstracted air, "it seems funny." Then she added, darkly: "I hope it will be as funny as it seems." And she kissed Pauline with some tenderness as soon as they both had finished having their hair done.

If the reader will try to let his brain whirl he will experience something of what our heroines felt during the evening at Mrs. Hoopetowne's. It was a party distinctly organized for the purpose of giving the Important Personage a good time, and its tone was free—even of an advanced easiness. To show to what lengths gayety and champagne—may lead devotees one need only state that at ten-thirty the third son of a Scotch peer tried to kiss Pauline in the conservatory. Pauline repulsed him, but was not altogether displeased with this epoch-making tribute to her charms. She could not guess that it was the result of a bet with Reggie Hoopetowne, who was apt to signalize his rare appearances at his wife's parties by some such caddishness. But she felt, and she was not far wrong, that she was in London's Fast Set, and she held her head high with the true pride of an American snob.

Some few formalities had been necessary because Royalty was present. One had arrived on time, and awaited the Personage's coming in the drawing-room, and one had ducked as gracefully as one could when one was presented. Otherwise it was very like all dinners, except for the surcharge of electricity which seems to pervade the air when the Great are among those present. Mary, of course, could not have expected to eat her food by his side, but she was placed where he cast an approving glance from time to time upon her rounded contours, and after dinner she was fetched to his comfortable corner in the drawing-room for a little talk. To Pauline came no such honor; at about this time she was occupied with the episode of the third son of the Scotch peer.

It may be wondered how Mrs. Whiting summoned courage to converse. But her story will have been written in vain if, by this time, her placidity in facing new things is not somewhat understood. As she was led toward the Personage it suddenly came over her that he looked rather like a fat man named Ezra Dodge who had been the president of the carriage-manufacturing company which had employed her first husband. As Mrs. Southworth, she had once been to an evening reception given by Mrs. Dodge, and she remembered now that conversation with Ezra had been quite easy, and easy enough it was with the Important Personage, though at moments it had not the exact tone which the carriage manufacturer would have thought suitable with women-folk—but then Ezra had been a married man. The Personage hoped that Mary was liking London, and she modestly, raising her eyes as if to the Sun-God's face, said she was beginning to—she had said the same thing to Mr. Dodge when asked if she liked society. Soon the great man was hoping that she would decide to stay in London. Here Mary became plaintive and wistful. She felt such a stranger here. She didn't feel as though she had the right to stay. She had not been presented at Court, though dear Lady Tom was ready to take her. She loved London, and she would like to stay if London would like her to.

"If London made it worth your while?"

Mary hesitated. "Yes," she said at last, "I suppose that's what I mean."

"And," queried the Personage, with a great deal of manner, and with his small eyes smilingly but searchingly upon her, "would you make it worth—worth London's while?"

Mary hesitated, a little longer this time.

"Yes," she said at last. "At least, I suppose—I mean I hope I would." Confusion made her blush. What did she mean? She could scarcely have told herself. Anyhow, words were only words. And it was pleasant to please a Personage. At this moment Mrs. Hoopetowne intervened, fearful lest the Personage be bored, though there had really been no danger of that.

This episode, and Pauline's more definite adventure in the conservatory, occurred soon after dinner. Later a score or so of people came on from other dinners, a buffet was established in the dining-room, and while awaiting the set supper the Great Personage kept off the sinking by taking a glass or two of champagne and eating some sandwiches. At eleven-thirty a lady of French extraction arrived from the Empire Theatre in a striking costume of black and white—her own dazzling skin being displayed with sufficient liberality to justify one in calling white the predominant note. She sang some songs of her native land which, had Pauline been able to understand them, would have immeasurably improved her appearance, for they could not have failed to bring color to her cheeks. Two young women, called—no one knew why—the Apollinaris Dancers, contributed to the entertainment; as did a Tyrolean yodler. Then, since almost an hour had passed during which the guest of honor had partaken of no refreshment, there was supper

Mary went down with Lord Remerton; Pauline—but for the moment we may neglect Pauline. The able young peer secured a table for two in the discreet retirement of a corner, and there appeared to be saying the "something special" to his companion which her stepdaughter had predicted He was still engaged with the subject, so Pauline observed from a distance, when, Royalty's appetite being temporarily satisfied, the entire company moved from the supper-room.

Miss Whiting contrived to get rid of the elderly gentleman whose fate she had been at supper, and made her way toward her mother. En route she heard rumors of a fresh burst of gayety. A young woman who had been out to Peking with her husband was about to do a Chinese dance in the next room at the request of the Important Personage. But Pauline, with the cares of an unmarried heiress upon her head, could not pause for such light pleasures while she was in ignorance of whether or not she had the opportunity of becoming Lady Remerton. She caught sight of her stepmother, alone for the moment, sitting in a big chair in the corner of a comparatively empty room, fanning herself nervously and wearing upon her face a distinctly troubled look. Agitated herself now, and with dim forebodings of disaster, Pauline advanced across the room. But before she could utter more than the one word "Mother," their hostess came in and, catching sight of Mrs. Whiting, dashed at her

"My dear," cried Mrs. Reggie, "I've been looking for you everywhere. They're having an amateur show. That silly Muriel Halstead is doing what she calls a Chinese scarf dance. And we want you to do a cake-walk—isn't that what you call it?"

"But I couldn't—I couldn't before all these people!" protested Mary.

"Oh, but you must! It was the Prince's own idea."

"Well, but——" quavered our heroine.

"Oh, you can't refuse! It would be treason, or something like that, I think. Besides, you would be a fool to. He's awfully taken with you, I think. Come, you must."

"Oh, I can't!"

"It isn't improper, is it?—at least, not so improper as all that?"

Mary's nervousness had increased.

"I don't think I can! I'm troubled—I'm upset. Something has happened," she said.

"But, my dear, what can have——?" began their hostess

At that moment Reggie Hoopetowne appeared at the door and called to his wife.

"Here, Helen, some people have come on from the Gunning's dance and why the devil aren't you there to receive them?"

Mrs. Hoopetowne crossed for a moment to her blustering spouse. It gave Pauline a chance.

"What is it, mother? What's happened? Is it Lord Remerton?"

Mary nodded.

"Didn't he—well, didn't he make an offer?"

Again Mary inclined her head.

"Then go and cake-walk, mother," whispered Pauline. "Celebrate it."

"Yes," was the reply, "he proposed. But he wants to marry me, not you, Pauline."

"Oh!" almost screamed the girl. Nature had made it impossible that she should turn white, but she grew a

Her Spirits Rose with the Announcements by Their Sonorous-Voiced Butler

paler yellow. She sank back against the cushions and for the first time in a well-ordered career she fainted

Mrs. Hoopetowne turned back and saw this scene

"What's she done—fainted? How annoying! But it is hot here. Now you can't do the cake-walk, I suppose. I *am* sorry!"

She jerked a bell a bit viciously, and coming back she began to slap Pauline's hands.

"She'll be all right soon. Call for water when the servant comes. I suppose I must go back to the Prince. I'll come back here the minute I can. He'll be disappointed. He said you would be exquisite in a cake-walk."

She rose to go. But to Pauline's shattered faculties some of her words must have penetrated. The girl slowly opened her eyes and spoke feebly:

"I'm all right, mother. Go do your cake-walk. Oh, I insist! The Prince wants you to."

Indomitable determination blazed in her eyes, and Mary, who knew when to yield, rose in obedience. Let us do Pauline justice. She was of heroic stamp and, in some respects at least, a true American. Cost what it might, she would not disappoint a Prince.

VIII

HEROISM, like all the virtues, has its varieties. At many crises of life Mary might have failed; might have shrunk, might have withered away before the demands made upon her. But let no reader—unless while her heart was big with sorrow she has cake-walked before crowned heads—say that the night at Mrs Hoopetowne's did not reveal Mrs Whiting as every inch a heroine To an uncertain version of ragtime, as understood by Blue Hungarians, she pranced across the polished floor, her arms hanging loose and her body triumphing over the restrictions of the straight front. To the uncouth and half-barbaric movements of the cake-walk her suppleness lent grace, while the overwrought condition into which the events of the evening had put her gave to her eyes a strange light, and this added to the whole performance just the note of feverish abandonment which it needed In spite of the London drawing-room and the crowd of Anglo-Saxon faces about her, she saw for the moment only the glint of gold and the gleam of gems, and felt that she danced before a Prince, as dancing girls in the Orient since the days before time. And even while her imagination glowed she remembered that, like them, she was dancing for a boon. This was the twentieth, and there were still three days before the King held Court at Buckingham Palace.

It is perhaps difficult for Americans to realize what joy these early cake-walkers carried to European shores, to understand the impression which a pretty woman could cause by undulating across a London drawing-room. Our national dance is not without honor save with us. It, and Mr. Sousa's music, are, it is mere justice to acknowledge, the most far-reaching of our influences. Reversing the course of the Star of Empire, they have crossed the Atlantic and enlivened the world. The pastime of the negro, the source of the livelihood of the cheap variety performer, became at one time the fashionable dance of Paris, the successor of the minuet in the hotels of the Faubourg St. Germain. Mandolin-players floating upon Venetian waters beneath a summer moon make the soft air thrill with the Washington Post, and when the triumphant Japanese marched into the Gibraltar of the East it was probably to the stirring strains of the Liberty Bell. As to the cake-walk, no one can estimate its influence. Serious diplomats would not dare to deny that in the spring of 1903 actual war was averted in the Balkans because the hot-blooded youths of Belgrade and Bucharest were patiently practicing the movements of the newly fashionable dance. While they lifted their legs high in its grotesque movements the crisis passed and the peace of Europe was saved. The history of our greatest artistic productions is yet to be written. These isolated facts are mentioned that no one may underrate the importance of Mary cake-walking before a Prince of the Blood.

The spirit of the night was favorable and the murmur of appreciation rose to applause as she traversed the room for the third time. From it she caught fresh inspiration. She passed the Duc d'Artannes, his face aglow, and his whole frame quivered in sympathetic dipping movements. Suddenly an impulse came to her; she held out a lovely arm, and, before he knew it, the young gentleman from France was prancing by her side across the room, improvising with real genius the steps of the exotic dance. The room roared with joy. The Personage's face grew beet-red with pleasure; he called for a glass of champagne and a sandwich—it was quite a half-hour since supper—and the crowd at the end of the room parted laughingly as the triumphant pair cake-walked off the stage, as it were, amid rounds of applause. Mrs. Hoopetowne felt that her party had "gone" with a real swing, and Lady Tom that the gates of Buckingham Palace might now open a little for her wards.

For a moment the guests crowded around the lovely cake-walker; then the hero of the occasion, insisting that both he and his companion needed cool air and refreshment, tucked Mrs. Whiting under his arm and bore her off

The Personage's Face Grew Beet-Red with Pleasure

toward the conservatory. "Madame," he murmured, "you are wonderful!"

"Do you think people didn't think me an awful fool?" asked Mary.

"You were delicious," he replied; "they were plain fools if they did not think so. When you throw your body back, it is so very *piquante*. It shows such a lovely line of the figure."

The Duke looked for a moment as if he meant to lay hands upon her. Mary spread her skirts over the space on the seat between them. This calmed the Latin temperament for an instant.

"I want to talk to you, seriously, madame," said the Duke. "I think I do scarcely need to tell you what about."

An odd look passed over Mrs. Whiting's face. It settled into an expression which, though veiled by a smile, was one of determination.

"You must know what my feelings are. You are not a woman not to recognize love when you see it."

"Everyone must have known," said Mary slowly. "Attentions such as yours have been would be compromising, almost, if——"

"If they had not had this honorable end. I have lived much, madame. I have loved. I can love still. But I wish now to marry, to concentrate my affections upon one person. I have been looking for her. I have found her."

"I am very glad," murmured Mary.

Monsieur d'Artannes seized her hand, but she withdrew it.

"Pauline will be very glad," she said.

"Mademoiselle?" replied her companion with a little start. "Yes, I hope so. But your answer is what I want."

Mary's manner seemed oddly constrained. She turned her face away from him and pulled nervously at the drooping leaves of a fern.

"Do you," she asked finally, "make a definite proposal of marriage?"

"Certainly," was the reply. D'Artannes seemed a little surprised at her matter-of-fact manner. "I do."

"Then," said Mary slowly and with great distinctness, "I accept—Pauline will be honored and pleased to become your wife."

Happily there were only three plants knocked over by Monsieur le Duc d'Artannes as he leapt to his feet, and they were not Mrs. Hoopetowne's valuable orchids.

"Thunder of Heaven!" he screamed, relapsing into his native tongue. "I expect she would. But she must wait till I ask her."

"Which you have now my permission to do," said Mary, smiling at last.

Her companion's speech became almost incoherent. "*I* ask her?" he cried. "Never in my life, never, *never!* How could you ever have thought—— I never—why I never for a moment—you must be mad!" Then suddenly he controlled himself and smiled.

"It's a *blague*, isn't it, madame? You are trying to—to have me—as they say here——" Then, for a moment, he was indignant: "Is that the way to treat my love for you? I love *you!* I want to marry *you!*"

"I shall never marry—at least not till after Pauline," murmured Mary.

The young Frenchman shrugged his shoulders

"We'll find her a husband. She has a *dot!*"

"She has exactly what I have, every bit as much. Why shouldn't you marry her instead of me?"

"Is there any need to insult me?" was the counter-question

Mary made a gesture of deprecation. Then:

"How much has she?" he said.

"She has about fifty thousand—that's ten thousand pounds a year."

"Yes, yes," he said with an air of relief, "so I understood." When one has troubled to obtain financial information, it is always a comfort to find it authentic.

"She likes you," ventured Pauline's stepmother.

"And I like you," replied d'Artannes

There was a pause. Then Mary, with a little sigh, tried again.

"Let's be honest. I know you meant to marry money, and that you can't afford to marry for love."

"After all," replied the young man with a smile that one couldn't have helped liking, so frank and ingenuous was it—"After all, you have as much as she."

"But I'm out of the question. I don't love you. I—I——"

"Is there anybody else?"

"I don't know. Perhaps—well, perhaps there is. I won't marry you—really I won't. Why won't you take Pauline?"

"I don't sell myself nor my love," he replied. In an Anglo-Saxon it would have been grandiloquence.

"Ten thousand a year," said Mary.

And his reply astonished her. It was given in simple, businesslike tones.

"That is not as much as Miss Lester has, I'm told."

"Oh," said Mary, and her face fell. "But your attentions to Pauline," she began, in a half-hearted, discouraged way.

"You never believed that!" he cried. "Come, did you?"

"No," was the answer, and Mary smiled a rather sad and watery smile. "I didn't really. I was pretending. Because I hoped—oh, can't you bear Pauline at all?"

"Oh!" replied d'Artannes, "I wish to say nothing against Mademoiselle Pauline, but—oh, *c'est plus fort que moi*—I don't think I could. She would have to have twenty thousand a year."

"Could you then?" asked Mary eagerly.

"Probably," was the answer. He went on with a touch of bitterness: "Do you think I enjoy the necessity of marrying one of you Americans with money? I can hold out about a month longer without my creditors breaking me altogether, selling the Touraine property, and making my mother sorrow for all her life. I must marry, you see. Really, in duty to myself and to my mother and to my

(Continued on Page 19)

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Quitting work is not resting.

¶ The ideal life has no press agent.

¶ The wine of life needs no alcohol.

¶ Borrowed trouble draws compound interest.

¶ There are always new flowers along the old paths.

¶ Repentance is a virtue which grows in value the less it is needed.

¶ Strong language cannot carry a weak thought further than the wastebasket.

¶ You may drive a man to a Carnegie library, but you cannot make him think

¶ Perhaps if war were not so well advertised there would be less of it on the market.

¶ One way to measure your success is by the earnestness with which your competitors lie about you.

¶ Any fool can spend money; some fools can make it; but the fool who can make and keep it cheats folly and becomes wise.

The American Voice and Accent

WHEN Henry James, in an address delivered last month, attacked our American speech—the speech of the cultivated classes—he exhibited a temerity which can be accounted for only by assuming that it was unconscious. A person of culture will allow his religion to be questioned, his manhood impugned, his wife insulted, but if the least shade of doubt is cast on his use of the dictionary he will fight. Women—the reasoning is *a fortiori*—will square this resistance, and then raise it to the power of ten. And Mr. James said what he said to the graduating class of Bryn Mawr!

For ourselves, we have scarcely courage to repeat his temerarious dicta. "The common schools," he said, "keep our speech crude, untidy and careless." As for the newspapers, "they are nothing more than black eruptions of type. They roar like monsters, like maniacs breaking loose." No one could be a correct speaker, he said, unless he gave careful attention to every syllable, studied the correct production of vowel notes, and was as careful to phrase a sentence orally as a singer is careful in the musical phrasing of an exquisite air. It would not do to plead the charm of simple unconsciousness: "Unconsciousness is beautiful only when the perfection of speech has become second nature."

How is this perfection of tongue, lip and larynx to be attained? By an imitation which is not base but glorious! "You young women should not be afraid to imitate. Whenever, among the awful discords of the speech of those around you, there comes to your ears the music of some one who has the proper tone and enunciation, imitate that." This is a hard lesson. It may be that "the man who plants cabbages imitates too"; but one does not want to be like the man who plants cabbages. An Eastern mother whose children were growing up in the Middle West, where the "burrs" come from, lately lamented the speech of her offspring, but said that she would rather have a burr fall on every spot of the carpet than teach her children to be different from their companions, and have them get the reputation of being affected.

Cultivation is the art of sacrifices; but it sometimes brings its reward. Edwin Booth was coldly received in England mainly, as it seemed, because he made Hamlet speak of "a good haaf yeere." Annie Russell, whose voice, though beautiful, is less so than his was, and whose utterance has no trait of affectation, was acclaimed as the American Duse. There is virtue in a resolute provinciality; but the spirit of it need not always be sacrificed in attaining the beauty which is of the whole wide world.

The Fetish of Title

NO ONE nowadays finds in the gaudy carvings of a totem-pole his concrete conception of divinity, nor owns to a belief in the divine right of kings; but it is well for citizens of a republic now and again to pause and consider how little the centuries have changed our primitive instincts and habits of mind. Several of the great journals of the Middle West, that hotbed of rampant democracy, have regular departments devoted to the doings—not of our own aristocrary, plutocracy, or, as Mr. Lawson has so feelingly called it, flubstocracy—but of the distinguished wearers of foreign titles. If it can be made out that the writers of these departments are themselves of the nobility, so much the better.

The doings of a king on his travels, even though he be the callowest of royal fledglings, command columns of space. In the London Zoo, Alfonso remarked that a baboon with a moon face and a close-cropped beard looked like one of his own Spanish subjects, El Mocho Campobello y Machado y Camorosa. "Caramba!" exclaimed a courtier. "Your Majesty's perceptions for one so young are extraordinary!" And the glad news was cabled round the world. A Siamese prince, some years ago, delayed the royal train at every railway station, and could not be got to take his seat until he had put a penny in every slot-machine on the platform. The world looked on and smiled with mingled admiration and indulgence. Much of the popularity of the Georges may be attributed to the fact that one of them stood before an apple-dumpling marveling at how the apple ever got inside. The ruder the totem, the more willingly mankind abases itself before it.

Even the English Constitution is avowedly based upon the instinct of fetish worship. Walter Bagehot, its great expositor, starts with the grave assumption that the mass of Britons are too dull to think or act politically. It is for them that the Crown is maintained in such expensive splendor. As long as they see the ermine and scarlet, topped by a diadem, they feel sure that all is for the best in this best of all possible states. The aristocracy, who know better, smile and take upon themselves with a wink the important functions of government. That makes a Constitutional Monarchy. Does any one object that the people should be educated to govern themselves? "Perish the thought!" says Mr. Bagehot; "the salvation of the English is their stupidity!" And he proves it with arguments from antecedent probability, sign and example. And so his theory of government continues the glad chase of its tail.

If our people go mad quadrennially over strange new gods of political economy, and if our chief activity in the interim is in playing horse with the foibles of our Presidents, surely there are some compensations. Better frenzied thinking and thoughtless irreverence than puerility and dotage.

Work for Eagles' Wings

A WOMAN who keeps abreast of the times lately remarked that she was tired of reading of the shame of the cities, and all that. "Isn't there some nice, clean place they can write about?" she asked. It was not a trivial criticism. Pursued merely for its "news" value, the spirit of exposure rapidly degenerates to the level of murder and divorce sensations as handled by the yellow press. And the demoralizing influence is closely similar. In the ordinary mind the idea of crime breeds crime, and even the wisest and most virtuous cannot keep their moral indignation always at white heat. The shortest course to universal rottenness and indifference is to make us all believe that things in general are in a bad way. The commercial drummer who plead for the ancient roller-towel in a cheap hotel struck a darkly human note. "Why not use it?" he asked. "Every one does."

It is well to remember that the vices against which we are struggling are the shadows cast by that which we hold most dear—individual freedom and democratic self-government. The experiment we are trying has often been tried before, and in vain. If municipal and national affairs are somewhat better managed in England there is this difference, that the people there still lean on the traditions of monarchy and aristocracy. And, even at that, what public purity they have achieved has come only after centuries of the deepest corruption. As long as we stick to the simple facts, there is no terror in our plight,

For, by excess of evil, evil dies.

And the victory, if we achieve it, will mark an era in the history of the world.

Meantime, what we need is to keep our eyes steadfastly on the signs of promise. It is not a credulous or a grandiose age we live in. The time is past when our youths can be made to believe that every boy among whose bare toes oozes the mud of the towpath is on the high road to the Presidency, or that there is a necessary and a logical connection between splitting fence rails and reuniting a nation.

Our Fourth-of-July orators no longer impress us when they tell us that the American eagle has one foot on the Rockies and the other on the Andes, and that he flops his wings from Pole to Pole. The best use we know for the pinions of that glorious bird is to sweep the alleys of our own dirty municipalities. Our mightiest chiefs are such local heroes as Folk of Missouri and Weaver of Philadelphia. But they are enough to feed our minds with the knowledge of right which we so sorely need in our business, and to make decent aspiration a familiar guest in our hearts.

Turn the Fakirs Out

SOME of the "leading lights" of Wall Street are highly indignant that sundry swindlers have hung out their signs bearing names so like the names of great and "respectable" operators in finance that the confiding public is deceived.

This is indeed sad. But how many of the bona-fide names are used every day to lure the public in for a "trimming" or a "fleecing"? The bona-fide names, standing for respectability and conservatism and probity, catch the rich "suckers" and "lambs"; the fake names catch the poor who happen to have the common weakness for "a flyer in the Street."

Why not abolish the whole rotten business? Why should not the really honest leaders of finance start a crusade against the "respectable" fakirs as well as against the humble fakirs? Why should not the men of real character and self-respect move against all the kinds of crime perpetrated in the name of business?

Business as a Profession

WHEN so many worthy gentlemen with superabundant bank accounts are looking around for something or other to endow, why not have a University of Business which will train men to finance as a profession?

The professional director is an established institution abroad. Without having any personal stake worth mentioning in a corporation, he will give his services for a fee to the direction of its affairs in behalf of its stockholders. True, he is unknown in practice and derided in theory over here. True, also, it is that every few days we find some good American directors using their position of trust with a cheerful singleness of mind for the purpose of feathering their own nests by working deals in the company's stock on the strength of their inside information of its affairs, or sitting in some parasitic concern that sucks its blood, or the like

Again, out of every hundred bank failures ninety-nine are the result of dishonesty. Not that there was outright theft, or even, in every case, a direct violation of law. But, nine times out of ten, the defunct concern's money was diverted to some purpose that was clearly outside its legitimate field.

It was sunk in somebody's speculative real-estate operations, or in promoting a trolley line, or running a mill. In a large majority of the cases somebody in the bank had a personal interest in the enterprise that swallowed the depositors' money which he held in trust

Great railroad rows that have shaken the stock market and injured thousands of security-holders to whom the properties actually belonged have arisen, or have been prolonged and intensified by the mere personal pique and jealousy of men who were really trustees for those whom they injured

What we want in the control of business is a keener sense of trusteeship and more of the detached, unselfish, impersonal attitude which would come of regarding business as a profession.

The teaching of the University of Business should be largely directed to morals, therefore, and at the very worst this disposition of a fortune could not possibly be more foolish and useless than some other dispositions that might be cited. If it happened that the founder, in the course of accumulating the fortune which he thus bestowed, had been a bit loose in his own sense of trusteeship nobody would be mean enough to bring it up against him.

The Wood Fire in Number Three

By F. Hopkinson Smith

Containing Mr. Alexander MacWhirter's Views on Lord Ponsonby, Major Yancey and Their Kind

WHEN I entered No. 3 to-day Mac was struggling with a small upright piano. He and Marny had rolled it out of the music-teacher's room at the end of the corridor, and the two had guided it between the open door and the screen of No. 3, and were now whirling it into the corner occupied by Mac's easel.

This done, the two began to make ready for the evening's entertainment. The big divan where Mac slept was dragged from its shelter, covered with a rug and placed against the wall facing the fireplace; the table was stripped of its junk (there is no other word for the miscellaneous collection of sketches, books, curios, matches, brushes, tubes of color, half-used bottles of siccative and the like, which always litters the table's surface), wiped clean and placed at right angles with the divan. This done, all the uncomfortable chairs were moved out of sight; a stool was backed up under the window to hold a keg of ice-cool beer to be brought in later and wreathed with green; and new and old mugs—those of the regular members, and brand-new ones for the invited guests—were lined up on the cleared table: all these shiftings, strippings and refittings being especially designed for the comfort of a chosen few, who on these rare nights (only once a year) were admitted into the charmed half-circle that curved about the wood fire in No. 3.

These complete, Mac turned his attention to the lesser details—the stacking up of a pile of wood, so that the rattling old fire would have logs enough with which to warm the latest guests, new or old, no matter how long they stayed; the hearth swept—all its "dear gray hair combed back from its rosy face with a broom," Mac used to call this process; the Chinese screen drawn the closer to keep out the wandering drafts; candles lighted in the old sconces, ancient candlesticks and grimy Dutch lanterns; and last—and this he attended to himself—every vestige of the work of his own brush tucked out of sight—there were strangers coming, and no canvas of his must be visible.

With the arrival of the keg of "special brew" carried on the shoulders of a big German from the street to the fifth floor without a pause, where it was propped up on the wooden stool and steadied by a stick of kindling wood, Mac opened the window of his studio and took from its sill a paper box filled with smilax. This, in remembrance of his Munich days, he wound around the body of the cool keg with the enthusiasm of a virgin of old twisting garlands about the neck of a sacred bull. Loyalty to just such ideals are part of Mac's religion.

Pitkin arrived first, bringing with him the much-dreaded banker from whom Mac had hidden his pictures—the sculptor was at work on a bust of the rich man's wife, and the husband had begged so hard to be admitted into the charmed circle that Pitkin had singled him out as his guest.

Then came Boggs with an Irish journalist by the name of Murphy—a stockily-built, round-headed man in gold spectacles, followed by Woods, who brought a friend of his, an inventor; and Marny with another friend from the club, and last of all, Lonnegan, with his big dog, Chief.

Each guest had been welcomed by Mac in his hearty way and duly presented to the stranger, whomsoever he might be, and each man had responded according to his type and personality. The banker had returned Mac's grasp with a deference never extended by him, so Pitkin thought, to any financial magnate; the inventor had at once launched out into a description of his more recent experiments; the clubman had said the proper thing, and had immediately thereafter busied himself in making a mental inventory of the comforts the room afforded, scrutinizing the etchings, the stuffs on the walls, the old brass, dropping at last into one of the easy chairs by the fire with the same complacency with which he would have dropped into his own at the club, and Woods, Marny, Pitkin, Lonnegan and the others had all responded in a way to make each guest feel at home.

Chief's entrance and greeting was peculiarly his own. He walked in with head erect, his big eyes sweeping the room, stood for an instant surveying the field and then walked straight to Mac, where he returned his host's welcoming hug by snuggling his big head between his knees. His "manners" made to his host, he visited each guest in turn—those he knew—waited an instant to be petted and talked to, and then stretched himself out at full length on the rug bef re the fire, where he lay almost without moving during the entire evening.

"If Lord Ponsonby Will Tak' Aboout Eighteen Feet Off the Length of That Tager I'll See What Can be Doon Aboout the Skat"

"Watch him, Lonny!" burst out Mac—he had followed Chief's every movement since the dog entered the room. "See the way he lies down. Got royal blood in him, old man—goes back to the flood. Noah saw one of his ancestors swimming around and saved him first. I feel as if I were entertaining a Prime Minister."

The atmosphere of the place began to tell on the new company. The banker found himself talking to Boggs in whispers, his respect for his host increasing every moment. That men could plod on as Mac was doing, hampered by a poverty which was evident in his surroundings, and still maintain a certain contempt for riches was a revelation to him.

Murphy, the journalist, had no such awakening. To him MacWhirter and his intimates were fellow-travelers along the same road of poverty.

"No, you're away off," he exclaimed to the banker. "American Bohemian life, so called—it is a misnomer, for no such thing exists here or anywhere else—is no different from any other free life the world over. We journalists, for instance, are a class to ourselves, but we in no way differ from our brothers of the brush and quill abroad or here. I, of course, am only allowed to creep around the outside edges of what you call Bohemia, but even that small privilege affords me more genuine pleasure than any other I possess. Murray Hill and Belgravia may be necessary to our civilization, but neither one nor the other interests the man who has any purpose in life. Take, for instance, these men here"—and he pointed to Mac who was, for the moment, driving a wooden spigot into the keg of beer. "Look at MacWhirter. He doesn't want any liveried servant to wait on him; he would serve that beer himself if there was a line of flunkies extending from the door to the sidewalk."

"That's what I like him for!" cried the banker, jumping up, "and I'm going to help him." And he carried some of the mugs over to Mac's side. "Here, fill these, Mr. MacWhirter."

"Bully for him!" muttered Pitkin, turning to me as if for confirmation. "Didn't know it was in him."

"This mug's for you, Mr. MacWhirter," cried out the banker with an enthusiasm he had not shown since his college days, as he handed the mug to Mac, who drank its contents, his merry eyes on the banker.

"See the monarch picking up the painter's brushes," whispered Boggs to Marny from behind his hands.

And so the evening went on, the mugs being filled and emptied, the piano opened, Woods playing the accompaniment to all the songs the Irishman sung—and he had a dozen of them that no one had ever heard before—the banker and the clubman joining in the chorus. Then, with pipes and mugs in hand, the circle about the crackling logs was formed anew—this time twice its regular size to give Chief plenty of room—and the story-telling began.

The club man told of a supper he had been to after the theatre in an uptown back room in which a mysterious man and a veiled lady figured. Woods supplemented it by an experience of his own, having a special reference to a lost lace handkerchief which had been discovered in the outside pocket of one of the male guests, producing uncomfortable consequences. I gave the details of a dinner where I had met a titled individual, who claimed to be a mighty hunter of big game and about whom the prettiest woman in the room had gone wild, and who turned out later to be somebody's footman.

Murphy, not to be outdone, and recognizing that his turn had come, remarked in a low voice that my story reminded him "of something in his own experience," at which Boggs twisted his head to listen. It was evident to Boggs, and to the other habitués, that if the Irishman talked as well as he sang he would not only be a welcome guest at these "nights," but might also attain to full membership in the charmed circle. Of one thing everybody was assured—there was no "water in his oil"—he "mixed" too easily.

"It's about a fellow-countryman of Mr. MacWhirter's—a Scotchman by the name of MacDuff," the Irishman began.

"Me a Scotchman!" cried Mac. "I'm only half Scotch; wish I was a whole one."

"That's because you took to beer and left off drinking whisky," laughed Murphy. "MacDuff stuck to his national beverage. That's what helped him to keep his end up. All this happened at an English country house."

Here Boggs hitched his chair closer that he might lead the applause if this new departure of his friend as a story-teller failed at first to make the expected hit, and so needed his encouragement.

"Up in Devonshire," continued Murphy, "a very noble lord—his ancestors were something in beer, I think—was giving a dinner to Lord Ponsonby, K. C. B., Y. Z.—and maybe P. D. Q., for all I know. Ponsonby had just returned from India, where he had distinguished himself in her Majesty's service—stamped out a mutiny, perhaps,

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of stories by F. Hopkinson Smith, each complete in itself, but all told before The Wood Fire in No. 3. The next story will appear in an early number.

by hanging the natives, or otherwise disporting himself after the manner of his kind.

"Imagine the interior of the dining-room, if you please, gentlemen—the walls paneled in black oak; sideboards to match, covered with George the Third silver and bearing the new coat-of-arms; noiseless servants in knee-breeches (except the head butler in funereal black—black as a raven and as awkward); old family portraits on the walls; big windows overlooking the lawn sweeping to the river, with rabbits and pheasants making free until the shooting season opened. At the head of the table was the noble lord, presiding with a smile that was an inch deep on his face. On his right sat the distinguished diplomat with a bay window in front of him resting on the edge of the table, and kept snugly in place by a white waistcoat—a man with a red face, burgundy red, with washings of champagne to lend tone to the color; gray side-whiskers with gray standing hair—straight up like a shoe-brush; big jowls of cheeks; flabby mouth; two little restless eyes like a terrier's and a voice like a fog-horn with an attack of croup. When he glanced down the table everybody expected fifty lashes—he had learned that look in India and carried it with him; it was part of his stock in trade.

"Next to Ponsonby sat two dudes from London—high-collared chaps, all shirt-front and white tie; hair parted in the middle and slicked down on the sides like a lady's lapdog. One had six hairs on each side of his upper lip, and the other was smooth-shaven. Then came a country parson—a fellow in a long-tailed coat buttoned up to his chin, with an inch of collar showing above—a mild-mannered, girl-voiced, timid brother, with a face round as a custard pie, and about as expressive. When he was spoken to he rubbed his bleached, bony hands together, bent his shoulders, and answered with a humility that would have done credit to a Franciscan monk begging alms for a convent. He had eaten nothing for two days before the dinner—so nervous had he become over the great honor conferred upon him in being invited—and was so humble when he arrived, and so pale and washed-out looking, that, after he was presented to the great man, our host inquired if he was not ill. Opposite these sat two country gentlemen—simple, straightforward men who make up the best of English life—men of no pretense and men of great simplicity. These two, of course, were also in evening dress.

"At the end of the table sat MacDuff—a little, red-headed, sawed-off Scotchman, about as high as Mr. Boggs' shoulder, chunkily built, square-chested, clean-shaven face, with bristling eyebrows, searching brown eyes that never winked, a determined jaw and a mouth that shut like a trunk lid—even all along the lips. He was dressed in a suit of gray cloth, sack coat and all. His ancestors antedated those on the wall by about two hundred years, and as a modern dress suit was unknown in their day, he selected one of his own. This was a fad of his and one everybody recognized. I might as well tell you that no dinner was complete without MacDuff. Very often he never spoke half a dozen words during the entire repast. He had friends, however, up at the castle, and that made up for all his other shortcomings. A nod of MacDuff's head went further sometimes than the signature of a Minister.

"When the port was served the noble lord turned to his distinguished guest, and said with a glow on his face that made the candles pale with envy:

"'Gentlemen, I am about to ask Lord Ponsonby a great favor, and I know that you will add your voice to mine in urging him to comply. Only last night he delighted a number of us at the club by giving us an account of a most extraord'nary adventure that befell him in the wilds of India—a most extraord'nary adventure. I have rarely seen, in all me experience, so profound an impression made upon a group of men. I am now going to ask our distinguished guest to repeat it.'

"At this Ponsonby waved his hand in a deprecating way, just as he would have done had his retainers offered him the Crown—such trifles being beneath his notice. Our host went on:

"'Despite his reluctance, I feel sure that he will yield. May I ask your lordship to repeat it to me guests?'

"Ponsonby bowed; settled himself slightly in his chair so that the curve in his waistcoat could have full play, toyed with his knife a moment, looked up at the ceiling as if to remember some of the most important details, cleared his throat and shot a glance down the table to command attention. Everybody felt that the slightest sound from any lips but his own would be punished with instant death.

"'Well, I don't care if I do. About four ye-ars ago his Royal Highness, as you know, came out to India, and it became part of me duty to attend upon his purson. He was good enough to remember that service in a way with which, of course, you are all familiar. One morning at daylight his equerry came to me quarters, routed me out of bed, and informed me that his Royal Highness desired me to join him in a tiger hunt which had been arranged for the night before, and which, owing to me purfect knowledge of the country—I knowing every inch of the ground his Royal Highness desired to have conducted under me supervision.'

"The two dudes were now listening so intently that one of them came near sliding off his chair. The curate sat with eyes and mouth open, his hand cupping his ear, drinking in each word with the same attention that he would have shown his bishop. The two country gentlemen leaned forward to hear the better. MacDuff kept perfectly still, his eyes on his plate, his fingers around his glass of Scotch and soda.

"'When we reached the jungle—I was mounted on an elephant with two of me retainers, his Royal Highness ahead on another elephant—an e-*normous* beast accustomed to hunts of this ke-ind. I heard a plunge in the thicket to me left—the spring of a man-eater! There is no sound like it, gentlemen. The next instant he came, head on, bounding like a great cat. When he reached the elephant of his Royal Highness he gathered his forepaws under him, hunched his hindlegs and made ready for the fatal spring. I knew what would happen—I realized in an instant the danger—there was one chawnce in a thousand, but that chawnce I must take. I caught up me forty-four! The beast was now in the air. The next instant his claws would be in the flank of the elephant, and the next his Royal Highness would be chewed to mincemeat. At that instant I fired—there came a yell; the brute fell back lifeless, and the Prince was saved! The ball had taken him over the left eye! I dismounted and hurried to his side. He was the largest beast of his kind I had ever seen in all me experience of twenty ye-ars. When we got him out upon the sward he measured twenty-nine feet from the end of his nose to the tip of his tail. If his Royal Highness, gentlemen, is with us to-day it is due to that shot.'

"A dead silence followed. Saving a future King's life was too great a matter for applause. The silence was broken by one of the dudes whispering to his mate:

"'Gus, old chap—you know that Ponsonby when he was in the Ge-yards—aw—was an awful man with a gun. He used to hit—aw—a bull's-eye every time, you know—aw—aw—aw——'

"The country gentlemen held their peace. The curate now piped up. This was his opportunity.

"'Me lawd,' he cooed—a dove could not have been more dulcet in its tones—'what I like in a story of that ke-ind is not so much the wonderful skill of the sportsman, as the marvelous inflooence of the British character over the brute beasts of the field.'

"Major Yancey, Would You Have Any Objection to Steppin' Outside?"

"Ponsonby nodded pompously in acknowledgment and continued to play with his knife. The host beamed down the table; comments were still in order—that's what the story was told for. The country gentlemen passed, and MacDuff, reaching over, drew his glass of Scotch closer, leaned forward with his elbows on the cloth, lowered his head, and fixed his gimlet eyes on Ponsonby's face.

"'Well, I have listened with gr'at pl'asure to the story of Lord Ponsonby. It is veery interesting, and it was veery patriootic of him. I am not much of a hunter mesel', and I do not shoot tagers, but I am a wee bit of a fasherman, and last soommer up in the County of Dee I 'ooked a veery pecooliar fash called a skat'—here MacDuff raised his glass to his lips, his eyes still glued to Ponsonby's face—'and when we got him oout upon th' bank he covered four acres.'

"Ponsonby gave a snort of disgust, rose to his feet red as a lobster, and bawled out that he had never been so insulted in his life—the host rising with him and trying to pacify him. The dudes sat stunned, while the country gentlemen and the curate held their peace aghast. MacDuff never moved an inch. Then Ponsonby, purple with rage, stalked out of the room, flung himself into the library, followed by the host and all the guests except MacDuff. The dudes were so overcome that they were mopping their faces with their napkins, believing them to be their handkerchiefs. While Ponsonby was roaring for his carriage the host rushed back to MacDuff's side:

"'You must apologize, sir, and at once!' he screamed. 'At once, Mr. MacDuff! How is it possible, sir, for a man raised as a gentleman to come into an Englishman's house and insult one of her Majesty's most distinguished sarvants—a man who for fifty years has——'

"MacDuff clapped one hand to his ear as if to protect it from rupture:

"'Don't br'ak the drum of me ear,' he said in a low, deprecating tone. 'I didn't mean to insoolt Lord Ponsonby; I can't apologize, for the story of the skat's true, but I'll tell you what I'll do. If Lord Ponsonby will tak' aboout eighteen feet off the length of that tager I'll see what can be doon aboout the skat.' And he emptied the contents of his glass into his person."

The laughter that followed the conclusion of Murphy's story was so loud and continuous that the big St. Bernard dog arose to his feet and fastened his eyes on his master, only resuming his position on the rug when Lonnegan laid his hand reassuringly on his head.

Boggs was so pleased at his friend's success that he could hardly keep from hugging him. All doubts as to Murphy's being asked to become a permanent member of the Select Circle were dissipated. What delighted Boggs most was the combination of English, Irish and Scotch dialects twisted about the same tongue. He thought he knew something about dialects, but Murphy had beaten him at his own game.

Every man present had some opinion to offer regarding Ponsonby's adventure, and they all differed. Marny thought the Scot "served the old bag of wind right," even if he did have a numismatic collection decorating his chest. The banker was interested in the social side, and what it expressed, and said so, winding up with the remark that "Englishmen, of all men, knew how to live." Mac, to the surprise of everybody, had no opinion to offer. Woods was more philosophical.

"To me the story is much more than funny," said Woods; "it's instructive. Shows the whole national spirit of the English; they believe in rank and they love to kotow. I say this in no offensive spirit, and you, being an Irishman, Mr. Murphy, well know what I mean. To tell you the truth, I am English in that sense myself. I believe in an aristocracy and in class distinction. Here everybody is free and equal—free with everything you own and ready to divide it up equally as soon as they get their hands on it. Democracy is the bane of our country."

"Woods, you talk like a two-cent demagogue," cut in Boggs. "If you and Lonnegan don't give up Murray Hill life you'll be worse than Mr. Murphy's two dudes. There is no such thing as democracy in our country. You couldn't find it with a microscope. As soon as a man gets one hundred cents together and has got them hived safely in a savings bank he becomes a capitalist. The next generation breeds aristocrats. The son of the man who waits behind Lonnegan's chair at one of his swell uptown affairs, if he has his way, will be Minister to England, and wear knee-breeches at the Queen's receptions. Even the negroes are climbing; some of them even now are putting on more airs than a Harlem goat with a hoopskirt. When they get on top there won't be anything left of the white man. They are beginning in that way now down South. Now, you"—turning to his friend Murphy—"have told us a story which illustrates a phase of English life in which the middle classes stand in awe of the higher ones. Now listen to

one of mine, which illustrates a phase of American life, and quite the reverse of yours. I'll tell it to you just as Major Yansey told it to me, and I'll give you, as near as I can, his tones of voice. Wonderfully pathetic, that Southern dialect—it certainly was to me the day I heard him tell it. This Yansey was a fraud, so far as being a representative Virginia gentleman was concerned—didn't get within a thousand miles of the real thing but that didn't rob his story of a certain meaning and a certain pathos."

Here Boggs rose to his feet. "I'll have to get up," he said, "for this is one of the stories I can't tell sitting down." Nobody ever heard any story from Boggs sitting down. The restless little fellow was generally on his plump legs during most of his deliveries.

"I had seen Yansey in the hotel corridor when I came in and had stubbed my toe over his outstretched legs—out like a pair of skids on the tail of a dray; had apologized to the legs; had been apologized to most effusively in return, with the result that a few minutes later I found him at my elbow at the bar, where, after some protestations on his part, he concluded to accept my very 'co-tious' invitation, and 'take somethin'.'

"'I am sorry I haven't a ke'ard, suh. My name is Yansey, suh—Thomas Morton Yansey, of Greenbrier County, Virginia. You don't know that po'tion of my State, suh? It's God's own country, suh. Great changes have taken place, suh, not only in our section of the State, but in our people. I myself am not what I appear, as you shall learn later. The old ruling classes are going to the wall; it is the po' white trash and the negroes, suh, that are comin' to the front. Pretty soon we shall have to ask their permission to live on the y'earth. Now, to give you an idea, suh, of what these changes mean, and how stealthily they are creepin' in among us, I want to tell you, suh, somethin' connected with my own life, for eve'y word of which I can vouch. Thank you; I will take a drop of bitters in mine'—and he held his glass out to the barkeeper. 'I don't want to detain you, suh, and I don't want to bore you, but it's the first time for some months that I have had the pleasure of meetin' a Northern gentleman, and I feel it my duty, suh, to give you somethin' of the inside history of the South, and to let you know, suh, what we Southern people suffered immediately after the war, and are still sufferin'.

"'As for myself, suh, I came out penniless, my estates practically confiscated owin' to some very peremptory expulsion proceedin's which took place immediately after the surrender. I, of course, suh, like many other gentlemen of my standin', found it necessary to go to work—the first stroke of work that any of my blood had ever done since my ancestors settled that po'tion of the State. A crisis, suh, had arrived in my life, and I proposed to meet it. Question was: What could I do? I had not studied law and so I could not be a lawyer, and I had not taken any course in medicine, and so I couldn't be a doctor—and I want to tell you, suh, that the politics of my State were not runnin' in a groove by which I could be elected to any public office. After lookin' over the ground, I decided to open a livery stable. Don't start, suh—I know it will shock you when I tell you that a Yansey had fallen so low; but you must know, suh, that my wife hadn't had a new dress in fo' years and my children were pretty nigh barefoot. Well, suh, a circus company had passed through our way and left two spavined horses in Judge Caldwell's lot and a boa'd bill of fo' dollars and ninety-two cents unpaid. I made my note for a hundred dollars and Judge Caldwell indorsed it, and I sold it for the amount of the boa'd bill, and I got the two horses. Then I made another note for a similar amount and secured it by a mortgage on the horses and got a fo'-seated wagon and two sets of second-hand harness. Then I put a sign over my barn do': 'Thomas Morton Yansey—Livery and Sale Stable.'

"'About a week after I had started Colonel Moseley's black Sam—free then, of co'se, suh—come down to my place and said: 'Major Yansey, there's goin' to be a ball over to Barboursville ——'

"'Is there, Sam?' I said. 'You niggers seem to be gettin' up in the world.'

"'Yes,' he said, 'and I want you to hook up yo' rig and take eight of us ——'

"'What! You infernal scoundrel! You come to me and ask me to ——'

"'Now, don't get het up, Major! Eight niggers at fifty cents apiece is fo' dollars.'

"'Yansey,' I said to myself, 'brace up! This is one of the great crises of yo' life. Sam, bring on yo' mokes!'

"'There was fo' bucks and fo' wenches all rigged out to kill. I put 'em in and started.

"'It was a very cold night, coldest weather I'd seen in my State for years, with a light crust of snow on the ground. When we got to Barboursville it was about eight miles—I found the ball was over a grocery store with a pair of steps goin' up on the outside to a little balcony. Well, suh, they got out and went up ahead and I blanketed the horses and followed. When I opened the do'—you ain't familiar, suh, I reckon, with our part of the country, suh, but I tell you, suh, that with three fiddles, two red-hot stoves and eighty niggers all dancin', the atmosphere was oppressive. I stood it as long as I could and then I went out on the balcony. Then I said to myself: 'Yansey, this is a great crisis of yo' life, but you needn't get pneumonia. Go in and sit down inside.'

"'I hadn't been there three minutes, suh, when black Sam came up to the bench on which I was sittin'—he had two wenches on his arms—and said: 'Major Yansey, would you have any objection to steppin' outside?'

"'Why?' I asked.

"'Because, suh, some of the ladies objects to the smell of horse in yo' clo'es.'

"'I left the livery business that night, suh, and I am what you see—a broken-down Southern gentleman, suh.'"

Another outburst of laughter followed. Everybody agreed that Boggs had never been so happy in his delineations. The banker, who knew something of the Southern dialects, was overjoyed. The allusion to the ungentlemanly foreclosure proceedings touched his funny-bone in a peculiar manner, and set him to laughing again whenever he thought of it. Everybody had expressed some opinion both of Murphy's story and of Boggs' yarn but MacWhirter, who, strange to say, had seen nothing humorous in either narrative. During the telling he had been bending over in his chair stroking the dog's ears.

"What do you think of the two yarns, Mac?" asked Marny

"Think just what Mr. Murphy thinks—that the Englishman was a snob, Ponsonby a cad, and that MacDuff should have been shown the door. The group about that Englishman's table was not the best English society—nowhere near it. Consideration for the other man's feelings—the one below you in rank—invariably distinguishes the true English gentleman. That old story about the sergeant who got the Victoria Cross for bringing a wounded officer out under fire illustrates what I mean," continued Mac in a perfectly grave, sober voice.

"Never heard it."

"Then I'll tell you. He had crawled on all fours to a wounded officer, picked him up and had carried him off the firing-line under a hail of bullets, one of which broke his wrist. Was promoted on the field by his commanding officer, got the V. C., and took his place among his now brother-officers at the company's mess. It being his first meal, he sat on the Colonel's right. Ice was served—a little piece about the size of a lump of sugar—precious as gold in that climate. It was for the champagne—something he had never seen. The hero was served first. He hesitated a moment, and dropped it in his soup. The Colonel took his piece and dropped it in his soup—so did every other gentleman down both sides of the table drop his in his soup. As to Boggs' Virginian, he got what he deserved. He was trying to be something that he wasn't; I'm glad the darky took the pride out of him. It's all a pretense and a sham—they are all trying to be something that they are not. 'Tisn't democracy or aristocracy that is to blame with us—it's the growing power of riches; the crowding the poor from off the face of the earth. Nothing counts now but a bank account. Pretty soon we will have a clearing house of titles, based on incomes. When the cashier certifies to the amount, the title is conferred. The man of one million will become a lord; the man with two millions a count; three millions a duke, and so on. To me all this climbing is as idiotic as it is vulgar."

Roars of laughter followed Mac's outburst. When Boggs got his breath, he declared between his gasps that Mac's criticisms were funnier than Murphy's story.

"Takes it all seriously—not a ghost of a sense of humor in him! Isn't he delicious!"

"Go on, laugh away!" continued MacWhirter. "The whole thing, I tell you, is a fraud and a sham. Social ladders are only a few feet long, and the top round, after all, is not very far from the earth. When you climb up to that rung if you are worth anything—you begin to get lonely for the other fellow who couldn't climb so high."

When the last of the new guests had gone followed by some of the older habitués, only Boggs, Marny, Mac and I remained. Our rooms were within a few steps of the fire and it mattered not how late we sat up The mugs were refilled, pipes relighted, some extra sticks thrown on the andirons and the chairs drawn closer. The fire responded bravely—the old logs were always willing to make a night of it. The best part of the evening was to come—that part when its incidents are talked over.

"Mac," said Marny, as he stuffed some tobacco into his pipe, "you deride money, class distinctions, ambition. What would you want most if you had your wish?"

"Not much."

"Well, let's have it—out with it!" insisted Marny.

"What would I want? Why, just what I've got," laughed Mac. "An easy chair, a pipe, a dog once in a while, some books, a wood fire, and you on the other side, old man." And he laid his hand affectionately on Marny's shoulder.

"Anything more?" asked Boggs, who had been eying his friend closely.

"Yes, a picture that really satisfied me instead of the truck I'm turning out."

"And you can think of nothing else?" asked Boggs, still keeping his eyes on Mac, his own face struggling with a suppressed smile.

"No " Then catching the twinkle in Boggs' eyes "What else could a fellow want?"

"A climbing millionaire to buy it, my boy, and a swell Murray Hill palace to hang it up in."

Mac smiled faintly and leaned forward in his chair, the glow of the fire lighting up his kindly face. For some minutes he did not move; then a half-smothered sigh escaped him.

Instantly there arose in my mind the figure of the girl in the steamer chair, the roses in her lap.

"Was there nothing more?" I asked myself.

The Horrible Examples

By Edmund Vance Cooke

Little Clara Cough-it-off felt very much abused,
And coughed to make her mamma think that she was badly used.
She found it rather hard at first, but practice made it easy,
Till she could cough as good as though she really were diseasy!
She coughed against her medicine and said it made her sick;
She coughed because they wouldn't give her back the spoon to lick.
She coughed until she had to cough and went "Cu-huh, cu-hoo!"
When any one suggested that she *tried* to cough—like you

Little Tommie Try-to-cry had all the world could buy
And everything besides, except a good excuse to cry.
And so he cried at breakfast-time because it came so soon,
He cried at luncheon also, because supper came at noon
He cried again at dinner-time because it made him weep;
He cried because his bed was bad and made him go to sleep.
He cried *because* he cried, and crying made his eyes so dim;
He cried because he saw you cry and thought you looked like him.

Little Polly Pout-about was always finding fault;
She didn't like her milk because the sea had too much salt
She didn't like the sun because it wouldn't shine at night;
She didn't like the snow because it made the ground so white.
She hated maple-sugar because lemons were so sweet;
She hated custard-pie because her goldfish had no feet.
She didn't like bad little boys because a hen has fur;
She doesn't like you either, as you sometimes look like her.

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LITERARY FOLK—Their Ways and Their Work

BOOKS FOR THE HAMMOCK—SOME NOVELS THAT ARE FRANKLY FICTION AND ONE OR TWO THAT ARE NOT.

¶The new novels this summer have been as countless as the dandelion balls in the fields—and almost as light. But, considering the many millions of tired men and women out on their fortnight holidays, swinging in hammocks in shady porches or pleasant orchards, we can see how the flimsiest story has its uses. If it puts the worn brain to sleep with the first page, so much the better

The novel among those which will soonest give that blessed relief is, probably, The Golden Bowl, by Henry James (*Scribner's*). Surely it is time that the long-patient public should utter a respectful word of protest to its old idol and hint that he has presumed too long upon its dullness and good humor.

A few years ago he held one of the highest seats among the masters of the English tongue. In some of his early books—The Americans, the Portrait of a Lady, and especially in a little story called The Pension de Bon Repos—he used his skill in language to set forth certain original ideas and characters with great force and delicacy. But as, year after year, he handled verbs and nouns with more expertness and louder applause, he forgot to give us either ideas or characters, and began to play tricks with the parts of speech to show his mastery over them.

There is much pretty filigree work of phrasing in this book which will delight the class of critics whose one idea of literature is bounded by split or whole infinitives. For the rest, Mr. James gives us his usual international dramatis personæ—the worthy rich American father; the slangy, innocent, shrewd daughter; the Italian prince; the fashionable New York and Chicago belle without money or morals We have known them all for many years. They still talk in the Jamesonian dialect and wrap the simplest meaning in an involved jumble of words until we lay down the book in despair of ever finding out what any of them mean at any time. Prince, valet, ingénue and cabman all hint at the same unclean experiences of life in the same muddy phrases.

In The Stone of Destiny (*Harper*) Katharine Mackay has told the story of Theodor, as she informs us, "but for one reader only." Theodor is a modern moral knight errant. He is absorbed in problems—the Indians, the Afro-Americans, Juvenile Criminals and Philadelphia Reforms, and he is blind to his wife Margaret's troubles with gowns, cooks and headaches. Margaret refuses to become a civic reformer or Red Cross nurse, or to have any dealings with Theodor's saintly mother. These problems of life drive her into the arms of a lover. Theodor discovers them in the garden reading from the same book. Lover decamps. Theodor leads Margaret to his mother, who instantly falls down dead—on which Margaret as promptly "becomes a pure angel of light." The moral of this work seems to be that problems, lovers and mothers-in-law are equally deleterious elements in family life. Theodor and his wife are familiar characters in every American community. Every reader will recognize them as his own next-door neighbors in a thin disguise.

Her Fiancé, by Josephine Dodge Daskam (*Henry Altemus Company*), is a collection of tales of life in Smith College. The man in the hammock will seize this book eagerly. For years he has watched the fierce warfare which has been waged between the advocates of a college education for girls and the larger host of believers in the domestic woman who has been trained by the old-fashioned methods. He has waited to see the work done by the two classes to decide between them. Mrs. Bacon, as we must now call her, is to-day probably the foremost representative of college-bred women in our literature. In this book she describes her compatriots at Smith, their aims, their achievements, their scholastic life. Now, he thinks, he will discover the innermost truth about the aspirations, the victories and lives of these learned modern Aspasias.

But from cover to cover of the book he will find not a single mention of the high work in the world which girl graduates have claimed as their own. Social and civic reform, politics—none of these things are in their minds if this author tells the truth According to her description, the one idea, the one object in the life and labors of the college girl is the Man—or, as she would call him, the Beau. Here is no new ideal of life and its aims, but old-fashioned flirting of a rather tawdry kind, with unlimited talk about flounces and lace and kimonos The only sign of the much-advertised culture is an incessant chatter of French phrases, taken for the most part from the first pages of a phrase-book.

The book is another proof of how little, except in the matter of clothes, the individual woman has changed since, say, the days of good Queen Bess. She has learned to write novels and to discover radium, but the undying masculine fills her mind and her horizon now as in past ages Nature still has her righteous way in spite of female Deans.

A sham Oriental book which might as well be classed with the novels for a hammock is Papers from a Viceroy's Yamen, by Ki Hung Ming, M. A. (*published by the Shanghai Mercury*). The author announces that he is the secretary of the Viceroy of Hukuang. In fact, he probably is some disgruntled American who dons the robe of a Chinaman to pour forth a flood of abuse upon the Christian religion and its teachers, especially upon the Jesuits. He asserts that their Chinese converts are all of the lowest class and have all been gained by mercenary motives; that they are moral outcasts; that they originated the Tai-ping rebellion, and that the Protestant missionaries now no longer preach Christ but Science. He sets forth the Boxer incident in a new light, declares that the missionaries were the most shameless of the looters; that, in fact, the whole subsequent Boxer hunt was for nothing but loot—loot. He tells a story of the reception given by the Empress to the ladies of the American Legation, when she kissed each cup of tea before she passed it to them, saying, "Our family are all one family," and he asserts that the Boxers would fain have taught the same holy lesson of peace, but that the Christians, on the other hand, "were jackals" who "betrayed a dreadful callousness of mind and soul," and whose true religion was "musket worship." It may be worth the while of even the idlest reader to look into this matter closely and find out how much truth, if any, is in the assertions of this pseudo-Asiatic

The Women of America is by Elizabeth McCracken (*The Macmillan Company*). Miss McCracken was sent out by an American periodical to find out the ideals and achievements of the women of this country in the professions, in politics, in the arts and sciences, in municipal affairs and, above all, in the peculiarly feminine business of homemaking. She was keen-witted enough to see that so vast and vague a search could not be much helped by dry statistics, and that she must rely upon personal observation and the testimony of individuals. Accordingly, she interviewed women actors, authors, teachers and business women, lonely wives on Western ranches and Southern plantations. She was well qualified for the work. She appears to be a shrewd, thoughtful woman with a just mind and keen sense of humor. Her English is of a quality rare among the recent writers of our hammock literature.

The most interesting chapter deals with woman in politics. The author went to Colorado, after her sex had for ten years exercised there the right of suffrage, to look into the effects of this so-called reform. Her verdict is that she "is not afraid that the woman will damage the political life, but that the political life will damage the woman." She insists that the exercise of the right of suffrage has unmistakably and cruelly lowered the character of the women of Colorado. Public life has become hysterical; the simplest discussion of the most trivial public affairs leads to breathless excitement. The same reforms which have been quietly carried out by women in Philadelphia and Boston are matters for intense agitation in Denver. Every action of a prominent woman is regarded by her sister voters in a political light.

"Why is Mrs. X. working in the slums this winter?" they ask. "She's not running now for office, is she?"

"Men have got to be civil to us. We have votes!" they shout loudly. Even the woman who goes regularly to church is "looking for a job."

The book is full of clever gossip concerning slums, churches and social life. Its fault, we may hint to the author, is that every woman in it, from the leader of a national club to the pert shop-girl, from the gentlewoman to the laundress, express the same opinions with precisely the same peculiar epigrammatic vivacity, until the reader is forced to suspect that Miss McCracken has put her own opinions into the mouths of imaginary folk created to give them utterance

In The Orchid, by Robert Grant (*Scribner's*), the author has made his story strong by the impersonality with which he has set it before us. There are the facts; he makes no note or comment on them

The book purports to be a snap-shot picture of American fashionable folk. We have their successful efforts at vulgar show, and worse than vulgar show, their love affairs, their divorces, their absorption in money, their absolute ignorance of the finer, higher side of life. There it is—the whole unsavory mess. The showman has no shame, no interest in it. The gangrene is eating into the body politic. He has painted it for us and has no further responsibility. It is our business to cure it.

So far Mr. Grant's work is good. But his mistake is in offering his book as a picture of all American social life. It is true, unfortunately, of a certain class in one or two other large cities. But it is not true of the great body of educated, gently-bred, rational men and women who people this country. The obscure, unpublished millions of wives and mothers who are responsible for the next generation are not battering at the doors of the divorce court; they are in no sense public folk. For fifty years they have obstinately refused to ask for a vote. It is the increase of the nervous tension put upon the woman in American life, and the increase of effort demanded from her even in childhood, that have lessened her power. The great mass of our native-born wives and mothers, from Maine to New Mexico, lead quiet, wholesome, womanly lives.

Now and then the country is startled by such violent alarm-calls as this book of Mr. Grant's. And justly. He gives us facts. But we should remember that the class of which he writes bears about the same proportion to the mass of decent, God-fearing Americans that Coxey's army did to the people of the United States.

Robert Hichens' The Garden of Allah (*Frederick A. Stokes Company*) is, perhaps, the most important book of English fiction given to us during the year, and the one which is most likely to hold a permanent place in our literature. The characters are alive to us because they are alive to the author; he draws them as he knows them, with all of their sins, their follies, their charm. They stay with us when we close the book and we love and hail them afterward.

Of all the characters in the story the Desert is the most alive and human. It is a terrible, stupendous Presence. Scarcely any English author save Hardy has given such vitality to a natural object. The mystery of the plot is novel and well sustained. But the power of the book lies in the fact that Mr. Hichens, in dragging these men and women before us, thrusts aside custom, creeds and conventions of all sorts, and shows us so many naked human souls trying to find God. That is their business here, whether Turk, Christian or Atheist, and we know as we read that it is our business—that to every one of us, rich or poor, the real fact of life is hidden in the Silence outside of life. Few professedly religious books of late years have forced this—the foundation fact of life—upon us with the force of Mr. Hichens' novel.

MINOR MENTION—ENGLAND in the seventeenth century is the scene, and the persecution of the Society of Friends the theme, of L. C. Wood's novel, For a Free Conscience (*Fleming H. Revell Company*). There is a certain unfamiliarity in the material, but in treatment it can hardly be said that anything new has resulted. However, there seem still to be many people who want historical romance at any price—even to the extent of four hundred and fourteen pages. J. W. M.

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Oddities and Novelties

Of Every-Day Science

Nature's Hints to Inventors

MANY of the most important of modern mechanical inventions represent discoveries which Dame Nature made long before the first human being began to do any real thinking. The electric eel, for example, is a complete storage battery, carrying an arrangement of Leyden jars. It can administer a shock powerful enough to knock a man down.

Certain trees in the tropics weave their inner bark into an excellent cloth, the most perfect type of which, considered as a textile fabric, is the celebrated "tapa," so extensively worn for clothing in Polynesia. The eye, moreover, is nothing more nor less than a photographic camera, the nerve-screen that lines it taking the place of the sensitive dry-plate. The impressions being nervous, and not chemical, they are fleeting.

The heart is the most admirable pump ever known, the work it does in the ordinary lifetime of a man being little short of astonishing. Some of the pumps now in common use in connection with machinery are modeled very closely after the human heart with a similar arrangement of valves.

Up to the present time, human ingenuity has not succeeded in constructing an apparatus which will do the work accomplished by the lungs in the separation of oxygen from atmospheric air. If a satisfactory imitation could be produced the invention would be of enormous value. The device of the ball-and-socket joint was utilized by Nature in the shoulder and hip joints of human beings and other animals long before it occurred to the modern inventor to employ the idea, which, if the truth were known, was probably suggested by observation of the skeleton.

It has been said that "hawks taught men to catch fish, spiders and caterpillars showed them how to spin and weave, hornets instructed them in the art of making paper, and crayfish supplied the first hints in the working of clay." In short, one is obliged to confess that inventive man is hardly more than a copyist after all, his most valuable ideas being derived from the obvious suggestions which a beneficent Creator has afforded.

Folks with Tails

NOW and then people are born with tails, and occasionally such tails can be wagged. Virchow, in his Archives, describes an infant with a tail seventeen inches long, which, when pricked with a pin, moved itself. It was removed by surgery, and, when dissected, was found to contain bone, cartilage and muscle. Only a few years ago there was a cadet at West Point who was unable to ride a horse because of a similar, though less marked, spinal elongation.

Such tails are usually conical in shape and nearly always curled slightly, being sometimes twisted like a pig's. Seldom are they more than four inches in length. Occasionally they are covered with hair like the tail of a cow. A six-months old boy once exhibited before the Johns Hopkins Medical Society had a tail like a pig's, which was cut off and preserved in alcohol.

Freaks of this kind are by no means so rare as might be supposed. Doctor Vance, of Louisville, Kentucky, a few years ago, removed from a little mulatto girl a tail four inches long and exactly like a small pig's. Darwin, in his Descent of Man, says that such instances are numerous, hundreds having been observed from time to time, and Dr. Max Bartels describes twenty cases of persons born with tails, many of which resembled those of pigs.

Anciently the possession of a tail was regarded by some peoples as a high distinction, and even as a mark of divine descent. For instance, the Ranas, or rulers of Poorbunder, a Rajpoot tribe of India, traced their ancestry to the monkey-god Hanuman, and, in confirmation of the claim, pointed to the elongated spines of their princes, who proudly bore the title of "Longtails."

On the other hand, there used to be a small tribe of tailed men in Turkestan who were regarded as accursed because they could not ride horseback. Struys, a Dutch traveler in Formosa, in the seventeenth century, described a wild man he saw there, who had a tail more than a foot long covered with red hair. There have even been reports of tailed races, but in most cases these stories seem to have arisen from appendages of hair or bark worn for decorative purposes. The Wahuma, of Equatorial Africa, for example, wear long tail-like streamers of bark cloth suspended from their waist-belts—on which account they are supposed by the natives on the opposite side of the Albert Nyanza to have tails.

Fuels of the Future

ONE hundred million tons of cornstalks, leaves and cobs are produced annually in this country, and nearly all of this vast bulk of material is permitted to go to waste. This is a great pity, inasmuch as it might just as well be employed for fuel. Immediately after shelling the corn—a process which, by the way, is now performed by machinery without removing the ears from the stalks—the cobs and other refuse should be compressed into blocks or cakes, in which shape, being almost water-free, they might be kept almost indefinitely.

Dr. Edward Atkinson says that the roots of five acres of corn would furnish a year's crop of fuel for the average farmer. Piled away after harvesting, they could be cut and pressed during the winter.

It is suggested by the same authority that sorghum might be grown profitably for fuel. From ten to fifteen tons of this plant, dry weight, can be produced on an acre of land at a cost of from a dollar to a dollar and a half for planting. By the use of a cheap press, somewhat resembling the kind of cotton-press used for making cylindrical bales, but on a small scale, every farmer could produce his own fuel on one or two acres of land; and the ashes, if saved and spread on the fields, would add to the fertility of the land. The sorghum, by the help of the press, might be converted advantageously into logs three or four feet long and eight inches in diameter.

Another suggestion in the same line is that eucalyptus trees might be regularly grown for fuel. Planted on mountains in the tropics, they will produce twenty tons of wood, dry weight, per acre annually in perpetuity. A plantation of the trees, when cut, reproduces itself without further expense, and the dry logs, heavier than coal, are said to have more heating power, bulk for bulk. The yield is equivalent to twenty tons of coal yearly per acre, and can be made even greater.

It will be understood that, in order to accomplish such results, the region in which the eucalyptus plantation is located must possess the advantages of a powerful sun and heavy rainfall.

In the Tooth-Raising Contest

IT IS rather interesting to note—quoting from the figures given by the Bureau of Education—that the average girl acquires her permanent inner incisor teeth at seven years of age, whereas the average boy does not get his until he is five months older. The boy is eight months later than the girl to "erupt" the outer incisors, and his "bicuspids" are an equal length of time behind hers. On the other hand, the boy is a month ahead of the girl in cutting his "eye teeth," though he falls behind her again in the acquisition of second molars. When it comes to "wisdom teeth," more than twice as many young women eighteen years old possess them than do young men of that age.

It is undeniable that girls mature much earlier than boys. In warm climates they are often fully-developed women at twelve years of age. Thus it might reasonably be expected that women would grow old sooner than men—a presumption which seems to find realization in fact. Nobody as yet has made a study of the subject, and data worth giving are consequently wanting, but offhand observation would seem to indicate that the weaker human being, as represented by the physical equipment of the gentler sex, shows signs of wear earlier than the stronger and better constructed male.

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Seeking Investment: One Kind of Success

(Concluded from Page 5)

She made no reply, but sat tapping her foot on the floor. Presently she asked: "That property was valued at about six hundred thousand dollars when the company took it, was it not, Richard?"

"Property is worth just as much as the dividends show it to be worth!" I answered. "According to the profit we've made this year, the plant isn't worth over one hundred thousand dollars.

"And yet this plant paid forty thousand dollars last year, Richard, and isn't it reasonable to suppose that, with the return of good times, and with good management, it can do the same again?"

"Possibly," I replied shortly, as I rose to go to my study. "I intend to take the management myself after this."

I did not care to pursue the matter further just then. My wife had displayed a remarkable interest and understanding in business affairs during the past year, and I had often noted with surprise how vastly she had improved since she had been living with me.

Still she was not, of course, closely in touch with up-to-date business methods, and explanations would often be awkward and productive of no particular good. She had proved to be an excellent wife, but she had her own little matters of church and society. Therefore, it seemed unnecessary for her to dip too deeply into the details and routine of modern business.

I was engaged in my study the third evening after our conversation, preparing the outlines of a lecture on "Helps and Opportunities," when she came into the room.

"Richard," she said, "I called on the Lorsfords this afternoon. You know Helen was a schoolmate of mine."

"I believe I have heard so," I replied.

"Mr. Lorsford is very sick, Richard. Did you know that?"

"I heard something of the kind, and thought I would go to see him; but I've been very busy—very busy indeed. What's wrong with him?"

She was standing looking at me earnestly, but made no reply

"Why do you not take a seat?" I asked—a trifle impatiently perhaps. She stepped a little nearer to my table, but remained standing.

"Oh, Richard! They are in great distress. He has nothing left—nothing! Even the beautiful home is mortgaged."

"He has himself to blame," I said uneasily. "He was ambitious, and ran to the end of his rope too quickly."

There was a pause for a few moments. Then my wife said (her voice trembled a little, I think): "There was gloom and despair when I went to that home, Richard, but when I left the sunshine had again entered it."

I looked up in amazement. "What do you mean?" I demanded.

"I told them—do not be angry, Richard, until you have heard me through—that five hundred shares of the Machine Works stock had been transferred to his name—that he still possessed an interest in the business."

"What?" I gasped; but there was no need for repetition. The words seemed to burn into my brain. *Fifty thousand dollars thrown away!* In my dismay and righteous wrath at this stupendous folly I could find no fitting words with which to express myself. I glared at her as she stood there, her hands clasped before her. And, amazing as it may seem, I even at that moment seemed to catch a glimpse of that quality in her which made her, as I have been told, the best-beloved woman in Toonsville.

She stepped to my side and dropped on her knees, clasping mine with her hands. There was no tremble in her voice now—the words came clear and low.

"Oh, my husband! are there not the vast forests and mines, the great factories and the industries of men? Splendid the man and splendidly endowed who turns these into wealth! Must there always be disappointment for others—and broken homes and blighted lives? Must the pound of flesh always be taken? Heaven has not endowed all alike. The strong should use his strength according to his adversary. Then at the last, when his own strength wanes, when his eyes grow dim and his hands are groping, his past mercy and forbearance will rise up as a shield. His good deeds will be his blessing. The great Jehovah will be his champion and his comforter.

Now, what would be the use of bringing up any argument against such stuff as that? I simply had to swallow my bitter indignation and disgust, consoling myself with the thought that, in the ever-recurring cycle of events, my opportunity would probably come to square the matter in another way.

Loading Plants with Medicines

TO A CERTAIN extent, it ought to be practicable to secure the absorption of useful medicinal substances by food-plants, in order that they may be taken into the body in the shape of organic compounds, easy to assimilate and inoffensive to the taste.

Dr. Gabriel Viaud, a French scientist, who has been making experiments in this line, says that much may be accomplished by watering the soil with solutions of phosphorus, sulphur, potash, arsenic, and other minerals, which, as trials have shown, are readily absorbed by the tissues of plants. An illustration of this fact is afforded by the ease with which certain kinds of flowers may be changed in color from pink to blue or from white to blue by sprinkling them with a solution of iron. The same effect, indeed, is produced when they are grown in a soil rich in iron.

Certain vegetables, such as peas, lentils and spinach, contain a great deal of iron in ordinary circumstances, and spinach in particular is frequently prescribed by physicians nowadays for the sake of its richness in this metallic element. Tincture of iron is not agreeable to take, and is liable to discolor the teeth, but, when disguised in the form of a vegetable, the medicament is unobjectionable to the invalid, and is more readily absorbed into the blood.

Doctor Viaud thinks that it should be practicable to concentrate organic iron in seeds—especially in beans, peas and lentils. This will be an important achievement, inasmuch as iron in such seeds is in an ideal organic form—equivalent to the organic iron of an egg or of milk. There can be no doubt that provident Nature has put the iron into these foods for young animals and infants in a shape most directly and most easily assimilable. It remains merely to adopt the hint, and to increase the percentage of the substance contained.

When, by proper methods of cultivation, plants specially rich in the various medicinal elements have been secured, it will be necessary to determine by analysis the exact percentages of mineral substances which they contain, in order to adjust the doses to be administered. So far as iron is concerned it does not matter, but in other cases, as with iodine or arsenic, it will be of the utmost importance.

Uncle Eph to His Son

YO' SKOOLIN' lasted fo' year; yo' work'll last till ye die.

Dat deeplomah is mighty pretty, but hit ain't a free meal-ticket.

Big words doan't ketch no 'possums.

Ef eddicashun makes ye wear sto' clothes, hit oughter make ye able to pay fer 'em.

I doan't see no difference in de kind ob exercise 'twixt de hoe and de gowl-luf stick.

What I cayn't undahstand am dis: ef de books do de boy so much good, why do he drap 'em soon ez de skool stops?

Hit doan't bodder me how much de loafer knows. I only knows he's a loafer.

I'd like to see ye try some ob dem g'ometry lines wid er plow in de cornfield

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The Lady and the Ladder

(Continued from Page 11)

name, I ought to marry a richer woman than you. With you it was different. You are pretty, you are a woman—not an icicle, a mere intelligence, like most of them. My faith, I thought we might be happy! I wanted to marry a little for love. But you wanted to as well. I'm sorry you couldn't like me."

"I'd like you for a stepson-in-law," she said, almost wistfully. She had never felt so kindly toward him as now.

He made a sort of grimace and a gesture with both hands.

"Let's go back to the party," he said. And back they went.

Just as they were about to enter a crowded room he stopped and took her hand. Bending over it gravely he kissed it once, and then with a smile and half a sigh he left her.

For a moment she stood thoughtful, then she tapped her hand with her fan in a little impatient, irritated gesture, and turned toward the room where were the Personage, Pauline, and a knotty problem. She found herself face to face with Mr. Erskine.

Mrs. Hoopetowne liked an occasional flyer on the stock-exchange. Meeting Hugh somewhere the day before and hearing that he was something in the American market, she had asked him to look in late. An extra man or two didn't matter, and if he was a gentleman—perhaps even if he wasn't—she might get a tip.

"Hello, Mary!" he said to our nervous and distracted heroine. "Come into the conservatory and talk to me, won't you?"

His tone was calm enough, but Mary thought she read affection in his eye, and, curiously enough—though it would have been welcome at another time—it now gave the last turn to her quivering nerves. She laughed hysterically and two sticks of her fan cracked in her tight-clenched hand.

"Hugh," she said, "if you propose marriage to me I shall scream aloud."

"I wasn't going to," he blurted out confusedly. Then, slowly, a smile of comprehension spread like a glow over his face, and when he spoke the serious and responsible business man of Chicago had the shy air of a boy.

"Would you let me?" he asked.

"To-night, no," Mary answered with nervous gayety. "I should faint or have hysterics. It's a positive rule with me to allow only two proposals a day. Find Pauline and send us home. Come to see me to-morrow at five."

"And propose?" insisted Mr. Erskine, gathering courage.

"I can't prevent you, I suppose," replied our heroine.

. . . . . .

At three the preposterous dawn of the London summer and little puffs of morning freshness began to steal around the edges of the heavy pink curtains at Mrs. Whiting's boudoir windows. But within the electric candles burned bright behind their silken shades and the night was still young. Mary was half curled up in a chair. On a couch near by, in a confusion of chintz cushions, lay Pauline, her face hidden, her gradually slackening sobs shaking her body with an occasional quiver. Both women were silent, but silent only because they had already talked so much. The quiet was so profound that they even heard Big Ben, far away in Westminster, boom out the hour. As its last strokes died away Pauline lifted a tear-stained face.

"It wasn't your fault, I suppose," she said at last. "I oughtn't to have got mad. I guess I abused you pretty freely."

"Like a pickpocket," said Mary.

"Well, I'm sorry. I apologize."

Pauline came across the room and sat on a little footstool near her stepmother's chair. She took Mary's hand, for her a rare exhibition of tenderness, and a sure forerunner of a period when Mary's maternal instincts would work upon her till she was willing to do anything for the girl.

"It's hard," went on Pauline, "to realize that one's not pretty and that no one likes one much. I am not conceited, but I forget sometimes, and I've forgotten lately—everything seemed booming so for us. But, of course, it was all you. And when I realized that to-night I lost my temper—I almost hated you there for a while."

"Oh, Pauline!" murmured her stepmother protestingly.

"Not now," said the girl. "I realize what I owe you, and how unselfish you've been. And what I want to say is this, dearest: we'd better try to give up getting me married. It isn't any fun to think of growing up an old maid, but I must grin and bear it."

"You won't be an old maid, Pauline; the right one is sure to come along. With your ——" she hesitated.

"With my money, you mean? Well, Remerton and d'Artannes were two young men we thought we might tempt with it, didn't we? Perhaps some one will come along, though I wouldn't marry just anybody. And I think"—here she put her head on Mary's knees for a moment—"I think I might have got to care for one of these. But I see now that all your trying to make a match for me with them was hopeless, and I see how perfectly lovely and unselfish of you it was to refuse them. But I oughtn't to accept the sacrifice—besides, it hasn't done any good. Now you haven't ever confided in me very much. I don't know which one of them you like the best. But I want you to go right over to your desk now and write a note saying that you've thought things over, that you've changed your mind and that you accept—that you'll be either Lady Remerton or the Duchesse d'Artannes!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

The Fiddle and the Banjo

By Frank L. Stanton

I

De Fiddle en de Banjer got sociable one day,
En talked old times—*I tell* you!—f'um de fur en fur away:
Ole times dat wuz de sweetes'—ole times dat is no mo'—
Dat makes yo' eyes feel rainy, kaze you use ter love 'em so!

II

De Banjer say: "I 'member 'bout de cabin in de pines—
De pathway leadin' ter it thoo' de honeysuckle vines;
De ole man—wuz my moster—how he give de music wings
Wid de tinkle en de twinkle er my hallelula strings!

III

"Tribulation couldn't stan' it! W'en he come a-loafin' roun'
I rattled off sich music dat de stars come dancin' down—
Leastways dey *twinkled* livelier! De whole plantation knowed
Dat Joy wuz in de elements, en takin' all de road!"

IV

En den de Fiddle—*he* speak up: "Time wuz *I* use ter play,
Wid a tinkle en a twinkle, in dat halleluia way!
En den my voice wuz sof' en low—I made de tear-draps fall
Wid de sweet ole songs er Long Ago—de sweetes' songs er all!

V

"W'en I give 'em S'wanny River dey seen ole fiel's en streams,
En de sweetes' er de mockin' birds seemed singin' in dey dreams;
En er me dis sweeter story by de hearts er dem wuz told:
'Dey sho' ouraveled some bright star, en made my strings er gold!'

VI

"En de las' time dat I played fer him—my moster, ole en gray—
I know dey must 'a' heerd it in dat country fur away:
Come a-trimblin' er de shadders er de evenin', still en dim,
En de stars fergot de medders, en 'twuz Home, Sweet Home fer *him!*"

VII

Den de Banjer say: "Dat story is ez sollum ez a sigh:
Des lemme give you Dixie Lan', en Good Times By-en-By,
En a rollickin' Ferginny Reel!"—He played it, I be boun'!
En I lef' em wid de shadders des a-swingin' han's aroun'!

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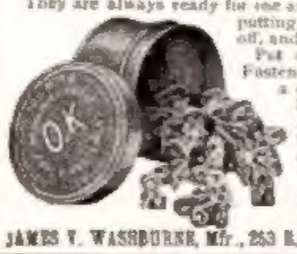

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The Lonely Idol of the "Fans"

(Concluded from Page 9)

leisure time. The ten commandments of their creed direct that, at all times and at any time, one must keep away from strangers. But with a clear sky one may at least walk about and "see the town." Marooned as we were in the hotel, and being compelled, on account of a B'nai B'rith Convention, to sleep ten in a room, even the amusement of sightseeing was denied.

Thus it was that "Dave" Fultz sought a piano on which he drummed chords and finally touched off that impressive melody, "Lead, Kindly Light." Fultz is of a religious turn of mind—and so is Billy Sunday, now a rising evangelist, but once a brilliant outfielder. Some ball players are blasphemous: others the quintessence of Puritanism—they say nothing worse than "Sugar!" at some horrible injustice of the umpire! Fultz is a man of education, a graduate of Brown University, and has been admitted to the bar. In all his baseball experience he has never forgotten his moral ideals. I wish to state, therefore, that Mr. Fultz was absorbed in playing and singing "Lead, Kindly Light" in a New Orleans hotel when he was joined by a local clergyman, who, upon learning that this was "Dave" Fultz, the famous ball player, had the effrontery to interrupt by asking him why he did not play left field instead of centre. "Dave," being more gentle-minded than Chesbro, had the grace to explain. But he shortly afterward left the room for a walk in the rain rather than be subjected to any more such annoyance.

Every man who has played baseball as a youth beams under the delusion that he would have been a great professional. Serene and impertinent in this belief, he assumes an intolerable attitude of patronizing criticism toward the men who are devoting every thought and motion of their lives to the game. It is as excusable as for a man who had once reduced a dislocation of the thumb to bestow advice and criticism on a famous surgeon just after a delicate operation. The professional, not illogically, resents this. He may have worked ten years with all his mind concentrated on the game, and yet Jim Jones, who played third base for Billville fifteen years ago, has no hesitation in giving him condescending advice, or in telling him interminable stories of how he, Jim, pitched the first curve for the Billville Actives in their game against the Hopper's Junction club.

As a matter of fact, the game has arrived at such a stage of perfection that the "fans" are critics rather than enthusiasts. In every city on the twenty-five-cent bleachers you will see peaked-faced lads with a stub pencil jotting down errors, hits and runs on greasy paper. They know the batting and fielding average of every professional, and their estimation of the player depends on that average. A professional might as well be numbered six as have a name.

I once believed differently, but now agree with "Pop" Anson that hero-worship in baseball is practically dead. It is true that Wagner, Lajoie, Waddell, Chesbro and McGinnity are "drawing cards," but not in proportion with a team of unknown men who are playing championship ball. This was not so in the days when ten-thousand-dollar Kelly made the bleachers roar at the very sight of him on the field, and when his errors were condoned for the sake of his individuality and for what he had done. It is the public rather than the players that have changed. Baseball has ceased to be an entertainment: it is a science. Although the American public is sport-crazy, it takes its sport more seriously.

I have seen boys from college, or a minor league, or even from an amateur team, join what we call "fast company"—that is to say, a big league club—ingenuous, frank, open-hearted and guileless. They would rush to tell one the story of their life, their joys, sorrows, ambitions—even their love affairs. After six months of press criticism and experience with "fans," they had acquired such an impenetrable shell of distrust that they would confide no more about a game than to say: "Well! Things broke bad, didn't they?"—or: "It was a good game to win."

As a result of this extraordinary conservatism, the ball player's only outlet is on the field. It is there alone that he gives way to impulse. He appreciates that the public demands enthusiasm, and I might add, therefore, that a final explanation for his exclusiveness is a certain knowledge that, to display "ginger" on the field, he must "keep away from people" and not dissipate thoughts, hope and emotions. He understands that the public loves enthusiasm in a President or a street-car horse. To foster and keep this enthusiasm on tap, he may only discuss his profession with a fellow-player.

The result is that the modern professional ball player, though unable to show his personality in public, demonstrates it all the more in private. He has a language of his own—a moral code—a habit of life. Going to bed for him is to "hit the hay." Diamonds—and every professional loves to flash them—he calls "ice." While skeptical of womanhood in general, he believes implicitly in his wife, whom he places on an eerie pedestal, and will resent with a blow the least insult to her. As I said before, he believes the whole world against him and—he leads a lonely life.

White House Figures

THE White House, up to date, has cost about three million dollars, of which nearly one-third has been paid for furniture and interior decoration. Originally the State of Virginia gave $130,000 to build it, Maryland adding $72,000.

To maintain the White House costs from $25,000 to $50,000 a year, the appropriation for this purpose varying considerably. But every now and then there is something extra to be paid for, and Congress is called upon to give an additional $30,000 or $50,000. The biggest pull of this kind ever made was for $550,000, which was spent a couple of years ago in a partial reconstruction of the interior and in the addition of winglike terraces and an office-building.

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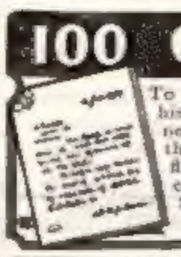

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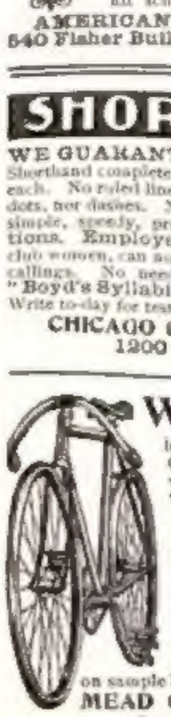

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William E. Reardon

is a second "William the Conqueror." In planning his invasion he was as bold as his Norman namesake. He had been selling *The Saturday Evening Post* each week in his own town in Michigan. Recently when about to start for Midland to spend a holiday he received an offer from the publishers promising a cash prize to the Michigan boy who would first sell 350 copies. He had not intended to do any work that week, but now he formed a new plan. Undaunted at the thought of selling to strangers, he coaxed his father to telegraph for 350 copies to be sent to Midland. As he received his copies from the postmaster, a Midland boy, who was also an agent for *The Post*, received a bundle containing five copies. The latter's eyes grew big with astonishment—told Master William that he didn't "like his looks"—that he had better go back home again. The little Conqueror declared he would "show him right there"; so he made a pile of the bundles on the floor where people were waiting for the mails, mounted the pile and addressed the crowd. He stated that he represented Benjamin Franklin's old paper—that he had just received the latest number—that it was the best issue ever published. Before leaving he had sold fifty copies of *The Saturday Evening Post*. He spent the rest of the day among the business men, finding buyers everywhere. What was left he sold the next day from house to house. When he left for home a few days after he found the other boy who sold *The Post* and advised him to "ginger up." *"I am eight years old,"* our Conqueror writes; *"I never before tried to earn any money; but you can put me down for the first prize whenever you make another prize offer in Michigan."*

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